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Nkrumah Talks To Kingsley Martin

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Are We Right, Mr Cousins?

DURING the past week three daily newspapers have published the results of public opinion polls on the state of the parties. The conclusions are strikingly similar. They make it plain that the Tory slump is not yet matched by any comparable swing towards Labour; that the Liberal 'revival' is almost entirely a protest vote which would have little relevance in a general election; that the keys to power are held by the uncommitted —14.5 per cent. of them according to the Gallup poll.

Who are they? To define them by class or age group is highly speculative. But an intelligent reading of the polls does lead to a reasonable deduction about what they think. They are mostly people who are frightened of (or injured by) what they broadly describe as the cost of living; who are disillusioned with Tory economic policies and who have no great confidence that Labour would do much better. Significantly their next most keenly felt grievances against Mr Macmillan are the Rent Act and the level of pensions; and in these two subsidiary matters—themselves facets of the cost of living problem—they do believe that Labour offers a substantially better alternative.

The Labour Conference has made it plain this week that it has chosen the issues on which it intends to give battle whenever the election comes: the cost of living, rents, national superannuation. Not only does this exactly match the mood of the uncommitted voter, but the practical common sense with which the Conference has faced its task shows that it is more in tune with the general public than at any time since 1945.

Yet we remain unconvinced that the impact of the last few days will be sufficient to swing over any very considerable block of uncommitted voters. On rents, the party has done enough to reinforce the public conviction that it is the party of the tenants. On superannuation it has done magnificently: the Crossman plan may come to be viewed as one of the turning points in British social history. On the cost of living—the whole complex of internal and external policies which fixes the living standard of every family outside the expense account group—Mr Gaitskell and Mr Wilson have said much that is wise and practical. But one word, perhaps the pass-word to power, has not yet been spoken.

What is the root of the Tory dilemma? It is surely this: by dismantling the apparatus of welfare props and physical controls which made wage restraint possible, they have compelled the unions to enter a general free for all. Further, by encouraging a huge expansion in consumer goods and non-essential investment they have gravely weakened the productive basis upon which the post-war Labour government was arduously reconstructing Britain's shattered economy. They cannot now escape from their dilemma. Their supporters clamour angrily for tax reliefs, a further squeeze on welfare and a general showdown with Labour. Yet, short of creating heavy unemployment, they cannot stabilise the drift towards inflation except with the good will of the unions.

Mr Cousins gave the answer to that on Monday. 'Why do we not co-operate with the government? There are two simple reasons. One, they have never asked us and secondly, they would never have us if we offered it because they do not want to develop productivity.' But what of Labour? It too will inherit a situation in which its immediate task must be to steady the cost of living and strengthen the pound. It will succeed only if it can count on the full and active support of the unions. If they want a Labour government to set in hand the building of a new society they must dedicate themselves to the common task and must accept the restraints and responsibilities which go with it. We believe that under Mr Cousins's militant generalship they will do so more wholeheartedly than they ever did under the bureaucracy of Arthur Deakin. Are we right, Mr Cousins? We all know that trade unionists want a Labour government: can you and your colleagues pledge your members to work with it when they get it? The electorate correctly senses that this is the key question. The uncommitted voter wants, not a showdown with Labour but a government which can command the loyalty of the unions in the common task of building a society in which high production and fair shares go hand in hand.

Comments on the Week's News

The Chancellor's Unguarded Moment

In answer to the conundrum 'When is a leak not a leak?', the government has replied: 'When it is intelligent anticipation'. Very few people will be satisfied with this. That exceptionally heavy dealings in gilt-edged took place on the evening before the Bank rate was raised nobody will deny, though the government's figure of transactions – £4 million – is regarded as a gross underestimate in the City, where the figure of £10 million is preferred (the Stock Exchange firm which first complained of the incident, indeed, spoke of 'very heavy transactions'). Could these have been a legitimate consequence of 'intelligent anticipation'? Admittedly, it was generally thought that, on the eve of his Washington trip, the Chancellor would make an important gesture to bolster sterling. A week before the decision was announced, he held consultations with the chairmen of the clearing banks, at which measures to cut advances and capital investment were discussed; it would, therefore, have been reasonable to suppose that these would be linked to some rise in the Bank rate. The crucial question is: what sort of rise? An additional one per cent, which would not have surprised the City, would not have provided a profit margin sufficient to justify the heavy selling which took place; and the actual 2 per cent rise, which of course would, came as a considerable shock to the experts. In short, the powers of intelligent anticipation were confined to a very small number indeed. During the two days before the Chancellor's statement, he gave individual, off-the-record, interviews to a number of senior journalists. Most of them, it seems, were given no indication of the rise; but it is widely believed, both in Fleet Street and the City, that a statement made by the Chancellor during the course of one of these interviews was the source of the leak. There is no suggestion that either the Chancellor or the journalist who subsequently spread the news was acting deliberately. But the government's refusal, after most perfunctory inquiries, to agree to an official investigation has naturally failed to satisfy either the press or the City.

Diefenbaker's Fork

Beneath a veil of imperialist sentiment, the question of British trade with Canada is being decided by the economic facts. In theory, the Canadian government is all in favour of increased trade with Britain. Twenty-five per cent. of the Canadian national income is spent in the United States. American economic penetration is increasing: in the first quarter of this year American exports to Canada rose to $1,031m, while Canadian exports to Britain fell to only $214m. Traditionally, the Canadian Conservatives have stood for close ties with Britain, and this was an important plank in their election platform. This summer, Mr Diefenbaker—still imprisoned in his own campaign slogans, themselves adopted partly to satisfy the Wheat Lobby—offered an increase of 15 per cent. in Canadian trade with Britain. But without a reduction in Canadian tariffs to allow British manufacturers to reach that figure, the offer was of no benefit at all to this country. Now Mr Thorneycroft has raised Diefenbaker's bid, no doubt hoping that the prospect of Anglo-Canadian free trade will distract the attention of disgruntled Tory delegates at Brighton next week from their indignation against the European free trade area. But despite the Canadian government's friendly noises, Thorneycroft's offer will probably prove as unacceptable to Canada as Diefenbaker's was to Britain. British wage rates are far lower and, according to the *Montreal Gazette*, Thorneycroft's plan would ruin the Canadian textile industry. The Canadian government, however, can scarcely reject it out of hand, since it raised the question in the first place. But the howls of fright from Canadian manufacturers threatened by 'unfair' British competition will probably cool Diefenbaker's ardour.

The Accidental Crisis

The Assembly overthrew M. Bourgès-Maunoury more by accident than by intention. The Right intended to get rid of him at the end of the month, with a vote of censure on his agricultural policy; meanwhile, they were going to give grudging assent to the Algerian framework law in order to provide France with some sort of a case at the coming UN debate. The Premier was the architect of his own premature destruction, first by infuriating everyone by guillotining the debate, and then by making a speech of such consummate mediocrity that he failed to rally a single one of the thirty-odd rightist deputies who were expected to clamber on the government bandwaggon in the debate's closing stages. His incapacity has placed the Assembly in a dilemma. No doubt a new governmental formula will eventually be devised—it will probably, for the first time in this parliament, include centre or even right-wing ministers—but the problem of legislation for Algeria has now become vastly more complicated. The framework law can scarcely be reintroduced in its present form; and if it is further amended to satisfy the Right, the Socialists will reject it. On the other hand, it cannot simply be dropped altogether, since although a majority of deputies are against it, nearly all agree that 'pacification' must be accompanied by some political gesture. It looks, in fact, as if the Right has played into the hands of the nationalists. After all, the details of the law were of purely academic interest. Everyone knew it would never be accepted by the nationalists or put into execution; its sole virtue, from the government's point of view, was that it provided France with a case at the UN and a political smokescreen behind which the war could be pursued. Now, by rejecting it, the Right has removed—at least for the present—the only alternative to pursuing the war in the open, or—what is far more likely—direct negotiations with the nationalists.

Charter for Tenants

Labour's new rent policy is designed to appeal to the public as the Tenants' Charter. Tenants are to be given renewed security of tenure, and rent tribunals will be empowered to reduce (or increase) rents to a 'fair and reasonable' level which will be defined in future legislation. But this second proposition has not yet been defined precisely. On the contrary, the National Executive has opposed any attempt to decide now what a 'fair and reasonable' rent will be when it assumes office: it understandably dislikes the idea that it should in effect restore the rigidities and anomalies of controlled rents based upon an arbitrary date-line. And it believes that its new policy will be an emergency and interim measure to tide over the period until Labour's plan for socialising previously controlled property comes into force. For all the force of this argument, the fact remains that important decisions are to be left over until there is a Labour government, and the character of those decisions will depend on the nature of that government. The question of what tenants will actually pay is only part of the problem. The compensation value of the property to be socialised will depend upon the level of rents at the time the property is taken over, and in the meantime the capital value of houses is liable to fluctuate as landlords scramble to get vacant possession and sell while the present Rent Act remains in force. No one can tell, moreover, how long this interim measure will have to do duty. Some Labour leaders believe that the interval will be short, and that the policy of socialising a rented property can be carried out rapidly and effectively. Others argue that it will take a good deal of time, especially if the legislation is permissive and merely encourages local authorities to acquire houses in their districts. It is even possible that, by the time Labour takes office, both the rent policy and the housing policy will have become amalgamated into a single piece of legislation. These are problems that Labour has yet to settle. Meanwhile it has declared in principle that it is on the side of the tenant.

Portuguese Tyranny

It now seems as if elections are going to be held in Portugal next month; and, unless trustworthy observers are on the spot, the Salazar government, aided by its allies in the Foreign Offices, will succeed in persuading the world that they have been free and fair. History suggests a few simple standards of comparison. In the 1949 elections, some independent candidates, who were critical of Salazar, were later jailed on the pretext that they had spread 'hatred and violence' during the election. Apart, however, from that kind of sanction, standing as an independent involves the risk of losing one's job. Theoretically, anybody can stand who is on the electoral register, which is composed of ratepayers of both sexes with property and literacy qualifications. In fact anybody who is critical of the regime is liable to have his name crossed off. There is, too, a fierce press censorship and much police activity; and it is extremely unlikely either that candidates will be able to hold reasonably free meetings or that critical speeches will be reported. The liberal spirit, however, in Portugal is by no means extinguished. Since the prison sentence passed on Dr Carlos for contempt of court, which Critic mentioned in the London Diary of 7 September, the official organisation of advocates has formally protested. The protest, however, has not been allowed to appear in any paper or on the radio. The only political activity that seems open to liberals is the effort to obtain some insurance against falsification in the counting of votes; and liberal opinion is already demanding that Portugal should adopt the usual democratic practice of allowing each candidate to appoint a scrutineer of the count – a request which has so far been refused. This is perhaps not surprising since, at the 1949 elections, independent observers counted the total number of people who went to the polls and were easily able to demonstrate that the count had been faked.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Brighton

The Working Party

So many recent conferences of the Labour Party have been either demonstrations or brawls. Either there has been little chance for the ordinary delegates to do more than acclaim what the platform has handed down, or two sets of partisans have tried, not to convince or be convinced, but merely to defeat each other. But this year so far the only suggestions of demonstration have been the television lights, Mr Anthony Greenwood's untypical red tie, and Mr Harold Wilson's uninhibited onslaughts on the Tories. Of brawling there has been no trace.

This has been a working conference. Delegates have clearly become impatient with negative attacks on the government. 'We know all that,' they say, 'and as this is so obviously the worst government in our lifetime, so does everyone else. Now get on to what we are going to do when we get back.' True, Frank Cousins warned that we may not be back for two years yet. Our playboy Prime Minister will not readily give up his fun. 'But,' say the delegates, 'we know that too. But the election will come sometime, and when it does we shall go back. Now let's decide what we are going to do.'

That was certainly the mood of the debate on the new pensions plan. Many ordinary delegates—not this time did one hear protests that too many MPs were being called—criticised the plan, some for its principles, some for details in it. One by one the points were brought out by delegates, some of whom were obviously unaccustomed to public speaking—'Oh dear,' said one lady when she was half-way through a particularly trenchant sentence, 'I've said that before'—but all of whom had studied the plan carefully, genuinely wanted to support it, but equally genuinely were worried about some of its provisions.

All morning the debate went on until at last it was Mr Crossman's turn to reply for the Executive. His speech was the perfect example of the difference between this conference and some of its predecessors, and, for that matter, between this Crossman and some of *his* predecessors. Delegates watched his journey to the rostrum with more than usual interest, for here was the brilliant man who is sometimes so stupid that with a single sentence he can turn a friendly conference against him, who this very year has performed the difficult feat of uniting both Left and Right in common anger. What would happen this morning? Crossman assembled his notes, brushed back some lank strands of hair, and began.

He sat down just half an hour later to an ovation which had not previously been approached by anyone at this conference. The ovation was achieved not by histrionic tricks, not by wit, not by emotion, but by as workmanlike a speech as I have ever heard. Crossman took up every point of criticism. There was something to be said for them, something to be said against. The Executive would look at some points again—and when he said that, one felt that this was not just the usual bromide, but a genuine promise to get as near to what was right as human beings can. Other points he refuted, not in his old manner of a contemptuous, slightly irritated lecturer, but in the manner of one who has painstakingly thought it all through and has become deeply convinced.

This was a new-style Crossman in tune with a new-style conference. In the past he has evoked distrust, mainly because of his habit of sparking off ideas and then dropping them when they failed to glow in the chill winds of criticism. 'There you are,' people have said, 'the fellow says one thing one day and another thing the next.' But now, for months past, Crossman's intellect, instead of flashing like a comet about the firmament, has been largely concentrated on one comparatively narrow though very important subject. The contraction has brought discipline. It has also brought a sense of conviction. When, coming near to passion for the only time in his speech, he described the plight of the old as the social evil of the Fifties, just as unemployment had been the social evil of the Twenties and Thirties, and said: 'I know that this evil, too, can be cured', delegates took him not only to their heads but also to their hearts. They passed the resolution he proposed with the right kind of unity—the unity of people who are sincerely trying to do what is right. After this debate it was agreeable to walk out into the sunshine and see the London *Evening News* glaring headlines: 'Labour's Pension Clash'. Though Conference changes, the press remains the same.

The tone of the speeches was sharper in the debate on the future of public ownership. Indeed, as first Jim Campbell of the NUR, then Herbert Morrison, and then Miss Jennie Lee, an unusual trio, attacked the Executive's proposals and Frank Cousins gave them qualified support, there were signs of tension and underlying doubts came to the surface. But the tensions if not the doubts had subsided by the afternoon and after Mr Gaitskell's competent, unemotional winding-up, the Executive won by 5,383,000 to 1,442,000.

Again, there had been no acrimony. Again, there had been a serious attempt to work out what was right. But was there, beneath the restraint, beneath the apparent unity, the feeling that something was not quite right? Was there a nostalgic sadness that no one now was left, both able and willing to express these doubts with force? Were the delegates saying 'Yes. We must agree on a programme and we must win the next election; but it would be nice if someone—Nye, perhaps—just once and for old time's sake would cry for revolution in our time'? But Mr Aneurin Bevan sat impassively on the platform waiting for Thursday when he was to make his long-awaited speech on foreign affairs and the H-bomb.

J. W. P. MALLALIEU

Brighton

Moscow

Changes in the Russian Village

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: The measures taken by the Soviet government during the past three years to improve what had become a critical situation in agriculture have brought about substantial changes in the Russian village. For some time now the farming community has been getting a larger share of the increase in national income than the town workers, a larger share than hitherto, also, of the rising though still inadequate output of consumer goods. For the first time in many years the average and below-average villages of central and northern Russia have advanced from a deficitary position in the national economy and show signs of sharing in the general improvement of living standards.

The village of Shikhovo, some 50 miles from Moscow, is typical of these places—there are tens of thousands of them—that have reason to be grateful for the end of Stalin's agricultural policies, though I found no one in its 50 or 60 households who saw the changes quite in those terms. Shikhovo lies just on the edge of the salient west of Moscow that the Germans failed to flatten out in 1941; hence it escaped the fate of the villages in the neighbouring Mozhaisk district. Until two years ago no new cottages or farm buildings had been erected since before the war: building loans and materials were being allocated to the devastated regions. The war, however, took from the village most of its men—more than half its households today are run by war widows and an even larger number of women lost their sons. Moreover, this intact village harboured a large number of dependents from the battle areas, including no fewer than 80 orphans. The collective farm labour force was inflated to a totally uneconomic figure and the *per capita* output of meat, dairy products and field crops fell to a low level.

Four measures have lifted Shikhovo out of its difficult situation. A small local co-operative, formed by the descendants of men and women who had been making musical instruments in this district for several centuries, was encouraged to expand; and now scores of women, many of them elderly, who were previously a dead weight on the farm's economy, are employed making guitars and mandolines for which there is an insatiable demand in this country. One result of this has been a rise in *per capita* production of meat and dairy products to a level already above that which will have to be attained on a national scale if the USSR is to fulfil Krushchev's plan to overtake the United States in this sphere during the coming years. Another result has been to put much more money in circulation in the village. The policy of establishing local industries, drawing labour off the land without the consequence of directing it to the overcrowded towns, has not been publicly defined, but what has happened in Shikhovo is far from an isolated example; and it seems probable that, with their greatly extended powers and responsibilities, local soviets will turn more and more to this method of reducing the agricultural labour force. The first to benefit will be the women.

Another measure was the increase in procurement prices for potatoes and other vegetables. In the past, potato growing was a profitless business which the farmers were so reluctant to undertake that tens of thousands of schoolchildren and students had to be mobilised annually for the harvest. Now state prices are high and the labour-day rate for potato digging in Shikhovo is attractive enough for the guitar-makers to have voted themselves a fortnight's break in factory work in order to participate in the harvest.

Thirdly, Shikhovo has benefited from the appointment of a new farm chairman, one of those thousands of officers released from the Soviet army two or three years ago and specially trained to take over collective farm work. Alexander Trifonovich was himself a pioneer of collectivisation in Byelorussia and has returned with zest to farming in his middle age.

It is doubtful, however, whether any of these

measures would have improved the morale of Shikhovo had not they been accompanied by the reform, and now the abolition, of the taxes the householders pay in kind from the produce of their private plots. The average holdings in Shikhovo are large enough for a family to grow sufficient potatoes to keep themselves, fatten a pig and sell at a profit on the market in the spring. Till recently, however, about 70 pounds of meat from that pig had to be delivered to the state in addition to eggs and milk. Further, taxes had to be paid on every fruit tree, berry bush, chicken, goat, or other livestock. 1957 is the last year of deliveries from private plots, and the land tax is now based exclusively on area and is thus no longer a deterrent to its most efficient exploitation. To judge by the amount of poultry and the size of the private herds, Shikhovo is responding fully to the new incentive to private ownership.

Peking

The Key to the Future

A student of the Chinese press writes: Before Foreign Minister Fujiyama left Tokyo for Washington and London, he told a press conference that Japan could co-exist with China and the Soviet Union at the same time as basing its foreign policy on co-operation with the US. Japan was willing simultaneously to co-exist with the Socialist countries through economic co-operation and trade. The Foreign Minister, a liberal-minded industrialist, is a realist. Japan needs exports: in the long run, exports mean more than American dollar-aid. The main reason why Japanese exports are still behind the pre-war level is the loss of the far eastern markets, which used to account for 43 per cent of its total. The hardest blow was the loss of the Chinese mainland market, exports to which were barred by the strict CHINCOM embargo. Thus, trade is the most important lever in Sino-Japanese relations, and the Chinese press pays more and more attention to it. This emphasis began with Prime Minister Kishi's visit to South-East Asia and America last July. The *Jên Min Jih Pao* analysed it as an effort 'to win the confidence of these countries and gain political capital for bargaining with the US on the development of that area'. 'The Japanese ruling class,' it stated, 'is attempting to make adjustments without either resisting US control or losing Asian markets. It advocates "economic diplomacy", by which it means continued dependence on the US while stretching out its hand to the Asian countries. The formula is US capital, Japanese technique and South-East Asian resources.'

During the past few months, the Chinese press has publicised the visits of Japanese archæologists, Christians, Buddhists, physicists, stage artists, agronomists, scientists, ex-servicemen, peace delegates, swimming stars, weight-lifters, volley-ball players – and simply women. Chou En-lai chose the delegation of the Japanese Civilian Radio Union and the correspondents of the Kyodo news agency and the *Asahi Shimbun* as his audience for a long interview on Sino-Japanese relations. 'Sino-Japanese trade is developing,' he said, after attacking Kishi's pro-American, pro-Chiang Kai-shek policies, 'and will grow still greater. We are even considering long-term trade contracts with the Japanese interests concerned. For the economic advance of both countries, Sino-Japanese trade should be still better. Only this will lead to peace and friendship, genuine co-existence and mutual prosperity.' The same theme appeared in the seventh national conference of the Japan-China Friendship Association in Tokyo. A *Kuang Ming Jih Pao* commentary reported that, since the Association was founded, thousands of Japanese had visited China and scores of agreements had been signed between the peoples' organisations in the two countries.

Recently, the Chinese press has campaigned for a fourth Sino-Japanese trade agreement. 'The economic policy of the Japanese government,' wrote the *Ta Kung Pao*, 'favours the US and the Japanese compradore monopolists.' 'If the interests of Japan and its people are taken into consideration, what reason is there to obstruct trade between China and Japan?' it asked. This theme was taken up by the Socialist Party of Japan which is in the very good books of the Chinese, and by the three-million-strong General Council of Trade Unions, which has now chosen the Socialist Party as a political party to which to limit its support.

On 17 September, a Japanese trade mission arrived in Peking to discuss the Sino-Japanese trade agreement. Whatever may be the lessons Mr Fujiyama has learnt in Washington and London, he will still have to face the fact that one of the most important keys to his country's future – perhaps the most important – is to be found in Peking.

Nkrumah Talks to Kingsley Martin

On Wednesday morning I had a long talk with Kwame Nkrumah in Christiansborg Castle, the ancient Danish fort which was once a centre of the slave trade and is now the Prime Minister's residence in independent Ghana. The account which follows is a summary which he has personally approved of some of the questions I raised.

I pointed out that, though his recent broadcast had cleared the air, many friends of Ghana were still troubled about recent events. For instance, it seemed that while Nkrumah was in England for the Commonwealth conference, discontent had already become apparent, not only in Ashanti and Togoland, but also among some prominent members of the Convention People's Party. Was Bankole Timothy deported because he had expressed this growing criticism? No, said the Prime Minister; he did not fear criticism. But some people in Ghana had got it into their heads that the freedom which had been won for their country merely meant freedom to do whatever they liked. Timothy's articles had encouraged this state of mind and had affected some 'teddy-boy' types in the opposition party, who made it plain that they were not prepared to play ball at all with the government. The point had been reached when the government had to show it was a government and meant to govern, or had to get out. If the government had not been strong, the parliamentary system would have broken down. The groups causing disturbances were a small minority, but able to do much harm; and when Nkrumah had returned from the London conference, people demanded firm action to save the new state.

I then asked if the deportations which had taken place did not need more explanation than the mere form of words that had been traditionally used by imperialist governments. The effect on the public mind had been to cause suspicion that the Ghana government was deporting awkward opponents on inadequate grounds and even passing special legislation for the purpose. Could the Premier afford to have his Home Minister called 'Minister for Deportations'? Nkrumah replied that the deportations had unfortunately been necessary and justified as the only way of quieting the country. In this they had been successful. Was it true, I asked, that in some cases deportations had been carried out because those deported had been subsidising riots? Nkrumah nodded agreement.

When asked if he realised how disastrous had been the effect of some of Mr Krobo Edusei's threats, Dr Nkrumah explained that some of these had been misinterpreted, but that others, which sounded bad in the west, were the right things to say in local circumstances. Though they might have been better worded, the Premier would have said much the same himself in a similar situation. Certainly Mr Edusei was at his best as a party campaigner; but the Premier had no alternative than to appoint him Home Minister in the circumstances he found on his return from the London conference. Mr Edusei was absolutely loyal. His weakness was that, while he understood the African – and especially the Ashanti – mind very well, he did not understand western thinking. The outside world must appreciate that Africa thought and felt differently from the West and that African mentality and tradition could not be neglected.

I next asked why Mr Justice Quashie Idun had resigned. Dr Nkrumah replied that he was not aware that he had resigned. He was no longer Acting Chief Justice, because, according to the constitution, the senior African Justice of Appeal automatically assumed the position of Acting Chief Justice in the Chief Justice's absence. Two appointments had recently been made in the Court of Appeal – those of Mr Granville Sharp and Mr Van Lare. It was Mr Van Lare, as the senior African Justice of Appeal, who had taken over from Mr Quashie Idun as Acting Chief Justice.

Nkrumah went on to say that when Mr Ian Colvin wrote his article in the *Daily Telegraph*, it was the then Acting Chief Justice who wrote the letter to the Attorney-General which was shown to him. If he had had his way, he would not have taken action on the case. But the Acting Chief Justice advised otherwise. If it had not been for Mr Quashie Idun, observed Nkrumah, the trouble of Mr Christopher Shawcross would never have arisen. He himself, he added, had once been tried in Accra for contempt of court, when the charges had arisen in Sekondi, and no objection had been raised. Why was it, I asked, that Mr Quashie Idun had not intervened if Mr Shawcross went too far? The Premier said he did not know. Nor did he know why Mr Geoffrey Bing was not allowed to defend himself.

I pointed out that one disadvantage of Mr Edusei's statements was that outside business firms would not invest in Ghana if they feared irresponsible or strong-arm government. Some people were even now suggesting that Nkrumah no longer cared about the West and was looking to the East. This was quite wrong, he replied. The first thing which capitalists considered was the stability of a government and the integrity of its civil service. He was preserving Ghana's stability. As for Soviet aid, Ghana was too far off and too much attached to the Commonwealth for that to be important. Ghana would keep her independence and friendship with everybody;

and he knew from conversations with foreign diplomats that their countries understood very well the good prospects for investment.

Replying to a suggestion that he might be seeking a special relation with other African premiers, like Nasser or Bourguiba, he said he shared their desire to find a way whereby the peoples of Africa could occupy a broader sphere in the world. But his friendly relations with Israel showed that he was not hand-in-glove with Nasser or with any other particular nation. He added that he would himself have chosen some method other than Nasser's to deal with the problem of Suez. Ghana would not be committed to any alliance, but must naturally keep close relations with all free African countries.

I then returned to the question whether Nkrumah's own democratic statements were not in contradiction with his support for Krobo Edusei. People were bound to suspect dictatorship in view of Edusei's threats to the opposition. Nkrumah's reply was of the utmost interest. He felt that the air was now clear: the opposition were free to hold rallies as they liked: there would be no intimidation, and registration for the regional elections, due in a few months, were already taking place. The charge of dictatorship was based on a misconception of the African attitude towards a ruler, which is not easily understood in the West. When an African chief is installed (he went on) he is subjected to various ordeals by the common people to remind him that he must behave well when he has power. But once he is accepted as a chief he is expected to command, and he loses all respect if he does not make himself obeyed. What happened recently in Ghana was that people wanted to be assured who the government was and to see it exercised strongly. This was not an attack on the democratic form of government but only a way of preserving it.

Before making my own comment on this assessment, I must now see the opposition leaders.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Cyprus Before UN

CYPRUS is as deceptive as an iceberg. It is easy, coming here for the first time since the truce, to be trapped in the prevailing mood of hopefulness which, in unadmitted fact, is based on nothing more substantial than a long sigh of relief. The golden beaches are crowded by day and the open-air night clubs prosper again. Women shop in Ledra Street without an itch in their backs. The sunshine soaks into the fattening melons and the green oranges. Complacency comforts, and only the really thoughtful people are frightened.

None of the responsible people I talked to believe that the truce can survive a failure at UN. 'Why are you going to make us fight again?' young men asked more than once in the countryside, as well as in the narrow streets. Nothing which the British government has said or done encourages their confidence in other methods. However hard one argues, it becomes clearer at every turn, that it will not be possible for the more moderate elements to keep control if the men of violence can mock their failure.

The official reply to those who claim there has been no adequate response to the truce is to point to the release of the Archbishop and many detainees, and to the relaxing of some of the emergency regulations. This counts no more for virtue here than to stop beating the wife. On the passionate issue of self-determination, which is in fact the only issue, most Cypriots feel there has been not only no progress but a British retreat. Sir John Harding is taking advantage of the more peaceful situation to tour the villages and talk in the cafés. 'Why don't you give us a proper constitution?' he was asked by a peasant near Limassol on one of these occasions. 'First we must get rid of Eoka; then we can discuss constitutional advance,' the Governor answered. 'First give us constitutional advance and you won't have to get rid of Eoka,' the old farmer told him.

But the main theme of the Governor's talks, as reported in the local press, is 'no self-determination without partition'. It is the partition threat which has finally ruptured any confidence, and no progress will be made in Cyprus until it is officially disavowed – as I know many government officials wish it to be. It has outraged the Greek Cypriots, not only because it is completely unacceptable as an idea, but because they regard its accouchement as an example of British perfidy. They point out that partition was never mentioned in the talks between Lennox-Boyd, Harding and Makarios which came so near success; nor was it part of the Radcliffe proposals, which the government professed to find acceptable. Cypriot leaders of both left and right feel that they have made two big concessions – agreement to a base and acceptance of what they regard as an unnecessary period of 'self-government'. 'Whatever terms we accept,' they say, 'the British will think up some more to make solution impossible.' Meanwhile, the Turks have seized on partition like a dog on a bone, and it may prove correspondingly difficult to drag them off it.

The flogging of the partition issue has, however, hoisted one petard. The Cyprus government is going to immense trouble to denigrate the British Labour Party, and to persuade Cypriots that they have nothing more to hope from a Labour government than from the Conservatives. Unfortunately they have lots of quotes from Labour ministers of 1945-50 to help. But the categorical rejection of partition in the last debate by Labour's official spokesmen has exploded this bipartisan decoy.

Partition talk has given the Turks confidence and encouraged communal difficulties. For instance, one of the good things in Cyprus is the government's policy of running its homes for deprived children, unlike the schools, on mixed

'Those people!'

lines, with children and staff of both nationalities. These small homes have been a great success. Now the Turks want their children segregated. One of the incongruities of Cyprus is the genuine devotion of many of the officials engaged in welfare work. Both Sir John and Lady Harding share this. They are desperately anxious for more dams and a new mental hospital. The national insurance system, which has borrowed much from Britain, is the best in the eastern Mediterranean, except, perhaps, for Israel's. But it is the heartbreaking irrelevance of all this to the one important issue of nationalism that seems unrecognised in government circles. They look on as corny the quote from the old peasant who said of all this, 'I would rather have the rags of my mother than the finery of my step-mother'. Perhaps he would.

One of the unintended results of the continuing absence of the Archbishop has been the growing influence of the left wing in Cyprus. Didn't anybody tell poor Lennox-Boyd this was inevitable? Unfortunately he, like Harding, depends on a useless and ignorant entourage. Recent Eoka threats against left-wing leaders clearly have their roots in jealousy, although I am sure the Archbishop does not share this attitude. British policy has now made one of the most important people in Cyprus, one Ziartides, leader of the 'old' or Communist trade union, which works closely with the left-wing party. Akel Ziartides is an intelligent, able character, who has spent much time in London. His union has 27,000 members, including about 2,000 Turks. In opposition, the British, perhaps as a monument to Ernest Bevin, encouraged the formation of the 'new' trade union, affiliated to the ICFTU, now with only 5,000 members. But, as we put its general secretary, Michael Pissas, and several of his officials in jail without trial, who can blame Cypriot workers for thinking they may as well join the bigger, stronger union? Whatever the frictions between right and left, Ziartides went to see Makarios in Athens to confirm officially trade-union solidarity with the Archbishop's mission to the United States. Internal groupings may become clearer next year when local elections are due – if they are in fact held. But in a country where party politics have long been eunuch to the queen of self-determination, the pattern is bound to be unclear.

There are still responsible leaders, with the Archbishop, who believe that they can get their people to agree to a base and a period of self-government. But they cannot hold this position much longer, as time and friendship are squandered. Selwyn Lloyd, before he left for UN, sunk another lifeboat – the much-canvassed proposal for independence. Many cynical Cypriots believe that this is an American inspiration, based on the knowledge that Cyprus could never be completely viable alone and would need a big brother. But the idea would only be considered if it had no limitations on future sovereignty. The British-inspired bogeyman of Turkey, most people think, could be deflated by the United States. Unfortunately the Turkish leaders refused to meet me, so I could not discuss these things with them.

What a mistake the British government has made in not sending some outside inquiry to investigate allegations of ill-treatment! Nobody here has any confidence in the Governor's investigations – they say he can only get one of his officials to report on another, and dog does not eat dog. And if it is your cousin who has two black eyes, or your uncle who says he was set free only after he signed a statement saying he was not ill-treated (though he was), veracity is not called in question. It is not against the soldiers, but round the interrogation centres, that complaints fester. At the detention camps I do not think the most serious difficulties are physical. When I visited the ten women detainees, the abiding depression came not from the hot, clean hut, but from the intangible erosion and waste of spirit. What is the use of the government's bringing out a book to show how Eoka has used the young for its purposes, and then to shut two schoolgirls up in a hut with the most extreme women suspects? I shall never forget on my previous visit the sullen anger of the sixth-form boys, confined for years now with all those who are supposed to have the worst influence on the youth of the country. And I cannot forget the sister of the hanged Karaolis, sitting white and still shocked beside her tidy bed. I know what these young people want for themselves. But I cannot for the life of me make out what the government wants to become of them.

LENA JEGER

London Diary

A FEW nights ago, I was at a nurses' prize-giving in a large north country town. Girl after girl went on to the platform – applause just as at a school speech day, from friends and family. Then a roar of applause, about three times stronger than the previous level: it was a coloured girl walking on. A personal favourite, I wondered? But just the same thing happened ten minutes later: the second coloured girl was clapped all the way across the platform. Scoring off the US? A little, perhaps, but that was not half of it. The point is, colour-discrimination is the one world-problem elemental enough for everyone to understand. People have made up their minds: and the overwhelming majority all over the world have decided they will stand no more of it.

* * *

That is why, in more quarters than the West would like to admit, Little Rock may be a more powerful symbol than Hungary. It is just no use putting up Alastair Cooke, as distressed as the rest of us, to explain the interrelations of federal and state constitutional law. To the Indians and Africans I have talked to, even this decent man is defending the indefensible, and so is anyone who does not want this outrage stopped, not in two years' time, not in six months, but *now*. They were more pacified by a recent *Panorama*, as usual the toughest-minded BBC programme, which without any advocacy demonstrated the worst and the best of America. First, a film-shot of the crowd of white lumpen-proletariat milling round the High school gates: then an interview with Governor Faubus. The Governor's eyes flickered, he was nervous, cocky, and debased. His interviewer, Mike Wallace, gave him no mercy: and it was that which saved something for the US. In no other country, one was forced to remember, would a journalist speak to a public figure with such imagination and such moral scorn. 'Governor Faubus, do you ever think of your innocent hill-billy days – and then do you wish that you weren't where you are now?'

* * *

The Archbishop of Canterbury's pronouncement on the Wolfenden Report was a remarkable piece of ecclesiastical double-talk. From sentence to sentence, it gave the appearance of backing in turn each side, the middle, nobody, everybody, nothing, everything, Pelagius, Calvin, and Dr Kinsey. In practice; it seems to boil down to two propositions: (1) that, if it were possible to institute a system of espionage and punishment for all sexual indulgences – adultery, fornication, and homosexuality – on the lines of Calvin's Geneva, it would be enormously to everyone's good; (2) that, since a technique for (1) is unfortunately difficult to devise, there is nothing for it but to leave adulterers, fornicators and homosexuals to their own consciences. Having performed this feat of ratiocination, the Archbishop comes down quite sturdily for the report – as the Archbishop of York has also done, in a more authoritative and clean-edged style. So it looks, as in fact has been likely all along, that the struggle over the Report will be the Establishment and the Left *versus* the Rest. This is, of course, an alignment not uncommon here, though unheard of in any other country in the world. It was precisely this alignment that shaped up for the struggle over commercial TV. Then the Establishment and the Left were beaten; over the Report, it is hard to see how they can be, at least not permanently. This time, a defeat is not irreversible, as it was over commercial TV. To turn the Wolfenden Report into law needs only a bit of obstinacy and will. It may take three years.

* * *

Thinking of the Wolfenden Report, I have been talking to a friend of mine who has, since his student days, carried out field-work among prostitutes much more extensive than Sir John Wolfenden's. My friend tells me that it is incorrect to believe – as I certainly did – that there has been an increase in the number of street prostitutes in central London. His view is that there has simply been a geographical migration, which has brought the prostitutes under the eyes of *The Times* reading public. In the Twenties, the places of maximum density were Leicester Square, Shaftesbury Avenue, Wardour Street, and still to some extent the Strand. At that time, the prostitutes were in the main unorganised. In the Thirties, the movement westward had started, with chief centre the streets between Regent Street and Soho. After the war, with the influx of large-scale ponces, the movement went further west – to the hinterland of Piccadilly and Bond Street, to Mayfair right up to the corner of Curzon Street and Park Lane, and to Bayswater as far as Lancaster Gate. What my authority cannot understand, nor anyone else who spends much time in W1, is how Sir John, in the course of his devoted inquiries, only got accosted twice. If he takes a brisk walk along Vigo Street about 3 p.m., or up the Bayswater Road from Marble Arch after tea, one would bet on his multiplying his bag by five.

* * *

Few entertainers in our time have given so much pleasure as Denis Compton and W. J. Edrich, who are retiring together from regular first-class cricket. Even fewer entertainers could claim, as those two can, that they have done no one any harm. I don't think I have ever seen two players who express so completely the exultation of being in the prime of manhood, the sheer joy of the physical life. By the very highest standards, Compton would be given a low Alpha, that is,

NEXT WEEK

Profile of Otto Klemperer

with drawing by VICKY

*

The Criminal Psychopath

An investigation into the human monster

most judges would include him among the best 20 or so batsmen who have ever played, but rather far down in the list. By the same standard, Edrich is Beta Plus. But they occupied a place more important than their ability, in the absolute sense, required. They were – somehow one has to write of obsolescent cricketers in the past tense – unusual men. In their different ways they both enjoyed themselves hugely, Compton absent-mindedly casual, Edrich obsessively determined. They played cricket with singular generosity. Since the war, the game has become tougher technically, and there has been a certain amount of sharp practice. Not even their enemies, and they have had them, have ever accused those two of unfair gamesmanship; in fact, the criticism has usually been the opposite, that they have been too affable and relaxed. Now they have gone, Compton in a chorus of sentiment, Edrich almost without a good-bye. Edrich has always seemed to be a bit of an injustice-collector. For anyone outside the inner circles of big cricket, it is hard to see why. Is cricket one of those professions where being a war-time hero (he was an abnormally distinguished bomber pilot) is a vocational disadvantage? This is true in quite a lot of jobs: either people are uneasy about this particular kind of eminence, or else the temperament that makes a man brave out of the common also sets him at a disadvantage with his fellow-men. I have sometimes thought that most people just don't like heroes. I am reminded of an acquaintance of mine, who was having a really hard and adventurous war, returning for a week-end to his college some time in 1943. At High Table he half-expected to give a modest account of his exploits. Did he get the chance? He did not. What he got instead was a passionate eulogy of the self-sacrifice of one of his colleagues, who was actually doing 50 per cent. more college administration than before the war. '*That's* the man,' said the Senior Fellow sternly, 'who's bearing the heat and burden of the day!'

* * *

In offices, cafés, clubs and bars, there is a pandemic of hypochondria. 'I've got a bit of a head,' says one. 'I've been shivery all the morning,' says another. They depart for the afternoon and come back, mildly crestfallen, next morning. A large fraction of the population are actually having Asian flu: about an equal fraction don't know whether they're having it or not. What misguided artist gave this disease its name? It has made it seem much more sinister, almost as though started as an experiment in biological warfare by a Mongolian conspiracy, probably Communist also. Yet living in this mild hysteria, one gets an insight into what it must have been like to be going about in the Plague. Then, too, they must have been watching each other. Then, too, they must have been imagining the symptoms. Then, too, they shrugged it off, feeling momentarily reassured, when someone else went down. The difference was, when the symptoms came undeniably at last, one had perhaps a 40 per cent. chance of dying. That must have been pretty near the bone of the human condition, considerably nearer than *La Nausée*, *Les Temps Modernes*, the Royal Court Theatre, Samuel Beckett, the Sound Programme Defence Society, Uncle Ionesco and All.

* * *

Rule for Art

(Verbal instruction, from Film Censors to a producer of horror films.)

You must not have a head dissolved in acid and an eye gouged out in the same reel.

Enfin Malherbe vint.

NICHOLAS

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

I sympathise with the white parents of Little Rock but as a loyal Scot I must say I'd rather my child went to school with Negroes than with the Southern English. – Letter in *Evening Standard*. (D. Young.)

There is a picture of a girl on the pools coupon I use and whenever I have a win I always give her a kiss. All the men I have spoken to say they do the same whenever they have a win. – Letter in *Daily Mirror*. (Roger Musgrave.)

And, as the late Bishop of Peterborough used to say, the proudest boast of the public schools is not their few outstandingly brilliant and successful products, but the many good men, in the professions and in industry, doing their duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call them. – Article in *The Times*. (W. D. Robertson.)

My daughter, aged nearly three, can switch the television on by herself. Is this a record? – Letter in *Brighton Evening Argus*. (P. Stammer.)

A Portsmouth man believes he has found the way to talk to hedgehogs – although he does not know the meaning of what he says to them. – *Evening News*. (B. Setton.)

Tito and Gomulka

A FOREIGNER, even if he speaks the language and knows the customs of a country, is bound to judge it in the first instance by outward appearances. The hotel where he stays, conversations with officials he meets – these are the things on which he bases his early impressions. If you compare Poland and Yugoslavia on this basis, there is no doubt which comes off best. The Majestic Hotel in Belgrade has been vastly improved in recent years, both in appearance and service; and Yugoslav officials exude an atmosphere of unqualified optimism about the future of their country. By contrast, in Warsaw, the Bristol Hotel, where foreign visitors are put up, provides a dreary spectacle of organised inefficiency; while officials high and low have a habit of button-holing you as soon as you arrive in order to tell you what is wrong with the regime. Listening to them, you get the impression not only that everything is hopeless in Poland, but also that nobody has any idea of how to change it for the better.

And yet – at the risk of inviting criticism for making sweeping generalisations after spending a mere fortnight in these countries – I believe these first impressions are totally misleading, and that Poland, not Yugoslavia, is the country with a bright future. Both countries are, in my view, confronted with roughly the same economic problems. But whereas in Poland an effort is being made to find a new approach – and to facilitate the search by free discussion – in Yugoslavia, Djilas is being tried a second time, and Dedijer is refused a passport.

Poland's difficulties arise, most of all, from the decline in social responsibility. For years now, many Poles – thousands, tens of thousands, perhaps even hundreds of thousands – appear to have lost all sense of communal discipline, and follow the law of the jungle: everyone for himself. These people are to be found at every level: among the workers in the big factories, in the civil service, even in top government jobs. Worse still, most Poles have come to accept their existence as a natural phenomenon. Theft, speculation, corruption are no longer condemned outright by public opinion. How, then, to eliminate them? For example, in order to keep a check on profits in the private sector, a number of tax inspectors have been appointed. But the system has broken down because these officials have proved as dishonest as the businessmen they are supposed to deal with, and place their personal interests – that is to say an income derived from bribes – before the interests of the State and their professional duty.

Whatever the economic and political policies of the government, therefore, this moral breakdown makes their execution precarious and ineffective. This is freely admitted in Warsaw; and officials do not conceal the fact that it will take years to change this climate of opinion, for the simple reason that it took years to develop in the first place. I was recently assured in Warsaw, by people whose opinions I can trust, that widespread theft and corruption already existed in Stalinist Poland, behind the facade of order and official discipline. Indeed, it was precisely during this period that people whom the state treated as outlaws formed the habit of 'fixing' things, and decided that, in a system which was itself lawless, anything was legitimate.

Today, to change this moral climate and get back to normal standards, it is necessary to reindoctrinate the public as well as to create material conditions which will allow people to live honestly. The task is a formidable one, and progress is bound to be slow. Hence those who are undertaking it are often discouraged, and even sceptical about its ultimate success. But the fact that these difficulties are openly recognised in Warsaw, that they are the subject of public debate in the press, is, in the long run, the best guarantee that they will be overcome.

Yugoslavia, I fear, is confronted with the same problem as Poland. The only difference is that the subject is never mentioned. Reading the Belgrade papers, talking with Yugoslav ministers and officials, you get the impression that all is well. You hear nothing but talk of profit-sharing, rising living standards, the vast increase of consumer goods in the shops. But as soon as you probe beneath the surface, and talk to ordinary Yugoslavs, you discover that the Yugoslav worker has an even more difficult job to make both ends meet than his colleague in Poland, that 'fixing', poor quality workmanship in the factories, and every kind of fraud are just as common as in Poland.

The average wage in Yugoslavia, of from 10,000 to 12,000 dinars a month, has approximately the same purchasing power as the Polish average wage – 1,200 zlotys. But while Poland still retains a system of paid holidays and state subsidies (e.g., in transport), both have now been virtually suppressed in Yugoslavia; in consequence, real wages (including the 'social wage')

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are sensibly higher in Poland, particularly among the peasants.

This difference in official attitudes is not accidental: indeed, it is a measure of the democratic element which exists in the two countries. In Poland, since June 1956 – that is, since the Poznan riots first produced an open split in the party – there has been no such thing as 'official' opinion in the party and the government. You can meet people in Warsaw who are in the same party and, often, in the same government and who express opinions which are diametrically opposed. There are Communist-run newspapers which systematically expound different viewpoints. The two big Warsaw dailies exchange polemics on fundamental problems. This controversy within the party – 'Socialist criticism' as they call it – is the most important achievement of the Poland of Gomulka and makes it virtually impossible for the real state of things to be concealed behind a barrier of official lies. Thanks to this internal disputation – confined, as yet, to the party itself – Poland has a chance of establishing policies which have the backing of the masses, and thus curing the apathy which leads to the collapse of moral standards.

In Yugoslavia, Tito has opted for a monolithic and disciplined party, where any divergence of opinion is forbidden. True, in 1952, when the party, during its historic congress, decided to change its methods and even its name, the leadership declared itself in favour of democracy not only in the economic sphere (regional or even autonomous control of industrial units), but also in the political. But two years later, the Djilas affair made Tito think again. Under pressure from the Communist bureaucrats, he decided to bring serious criticism to an end and to maintain the centralised and absolute rule of the party. Since then, the trial of Djilas in December 1956, and the second trial which now holds our attention, have created a climate of fear and discouraged any attempt to introduce genuine discussion within the party. As a result, the tone of party newspapers and official conversations is exactly the same as that in Warsaw two years ago. When *Borba*, for example, writes that Djilas's *The New Class* is 'unanimously condemned by the entire Yugoslav people' (who, incidentally, have not had a chance to read it), you may think you are reading *Tribuna Ludu* in the good old Stalinist days.

No doubt the fear of regional separatism, which happily does not exist in Poland, has helped to persuade Tito to opt for a monolithic party; but the tragedy is that Yugoslavia's internal choice is also influencing her external policy. The Titoists who, only a few years ago, were in the front rank of the anti-Stalinist campaign, and were demanding the heads of the old party bosses in the Peoples' Democracies, are today very wary of encouraging reformist elements in the neighbouring Communist Parties. Rightly or wrongly, they consider that their future is closely bound up with that of the other countries under Communist control, and they are unwilling to do anything which might imperil their own dictatorship. Tito believes that neither the Berlin riots, nor the October 1956 crisis in Poland, nor the Hungarian revolution would have occurred if the Communist Parties in these countries had remained monolithic and disciplined. The 'success' of the Polish revolution he regards as an exceptional case. 'Not all the Peoples' Democracies have the good luck to possess a Gomulka in reserve,' they say in Belgrade, adding that in East Germany and Hungary opposition elements in the Communist Party played the role of sorcerers' apprentices, and very nearly brought down the whole regime in ruins. This explains why, since Budapest, Tito considers it too dangerous to encourage or permit internal party disputes. Like Gomulka, he would welcome an evolution towards democracy in the eastern bloc, but like Krushchev, he is convinced that such a process must take place in an 'orderly' manner – i.e. under party direction.

In Warsaw, everyone – and Gomulka in particular – agrees that it is necessary to rebuild some sort of party unity; but nobody, I think, wants the party to revert to the monastic discipline of Stalinist days. Experience has shown that such a party tends to become an end in itself and that it acts as a barrier between the leadership – whatever their policies – and the people. The Poles know that behind the official optimism of such a party crystallise elements of discontent which produce every kind of social evil and, sooner or later, an explosion.

K. S. KAROL

Fleet Street Notebook

WITH the arrival of the autumn, editors, like the leaves, are falling fast. A fortnight ago it was Sydney Elliott of the *Daily Herald*, now it is Michael Curtis of the *News Chronicle*. Several other editors can be seen looking over their shoulders: in Fleet Street when there is stormy weather ahead, captains, instead of staying on the bridge day and night, are tossed overboard to lighten the ship.

I am sorry about Michael Curtis. The youngest editor currently in charge of a national daily when he was appointed – although not the youngest ever appointed – he has held the chair for less than four years. He brought to the appointment considerable ability, although perhaps insufficiently varied technical and executive experience, and during a period of almost unbroken stress has worked hard to improve the editorial content of the paper. He had some success, although not, for a number of reasons, many of them no doubt outside his control, enough to secure for the *News Chronicle* either the number of new readers or the positive personality it so badly needs. Now he relinquishes his position at the age of 37 by mutual agreement with the Daily News Trust which controls the paper. The search for a new editor begins. The parting has no political significance; nor does it derive from any sharp disagreement as to the character of the paper, although there have been differences of emphasis and timing. Throughout his editorship – and, in fact, before – Curtis has been an advocate of a more serious and, using the word in its technical Fleet Street sense, less popular *News Chronicle*. He put forward plans which would have involved the deliberate attempt to secure a leftish public somewhat comparable to the rightish public of the *Daily Telegraph* (although not of course by a mere copy of the *Telegraph* either in make-up or style), and which might have involved an increase in price to 3*d.* instead of to the 2½*d.* to which all the 2*d.* papers are going on Monday.

The board and the trustees decided against the plan. They also seem to have agreed that in any event, despite his undoubted qualities, neither Curtis's view of the future of the paper nor perhaps his actual experience exactly suited the *News Chronicle*'s needs in the competitive times ahead. Curtis himself felt that if he could not get agreement on the kind of paper he wanted it would be better to go. The break was entirely amicable. It does not mean that the *News Chronicle* is to be jazzed up. Nor, although it coincides with the retirement of Mr Laurence Cadbury from the chairmanship of the *News Chronicle* board and his replacement by Mr J. F. E. Coope, who joined the company a little while ago after long managerial experience with the *Daily Mirror* group, does it mean any attempt to go after the tabloid market – which would certainly be foredoomed to failure. Nor does this latter appointment indicate any lessening of the Cadbury interest in the paper. Mr Laurence Cadbury will remain chairman of the Daily News Ltd., of which both the News Chronicle Ltd. and the Star Newspaper Co. Ltd., are wholly owned subsidiaries and the majority ownership of whose ordinary shares is vested in the Daily News Trust – the most influential trustees of which, apart from members of the Cadbury family, are Lord Layton and Geoffrey Crowther. Mr Coope's appointment represents a move to streamline and professionalise the day-to-day management of the operating company, not a shift in policy.

The question remains, what is to be the *News Chronicle*'s future? I am assured that the fact that Mr Curtis's plans were not regarded as practical is far from meaning that the *News Chronicle* is now abandoning the search for an intelligent and basically serious public sufficiently large to keep the paper out of the red, while sufficiently literate not to require any retreat from its traditions. What is aimed at is a paper that will be both serious and gay; lively, light-hearted and entertaining and in keeping with what is felt to be the mood of the times, while remaining basically serious, intelligent and challenging in its social and political purpose. It is, of course, easy to reel off a string of appropriate adjectives. It is also easy to devise the formula for the great novel of the age: the trouble comes when you sit down to write it. And the difficulty is to find the right people to translate newspaper ideas into the terms of daily newspaper production. Bringing out a paper every night is as practical a business as painting a picture: genius is desirable if one can find it; technical skill, the sheer quality of talent as a newspaperman, is obligatory. Editors who combine ideas, superb technical skill, a flair for news, a sense of the needs of an intelligent public, a gift for gaiety, a feel for the movement of opinion, and a sense of social purpose translatable without dullness into print, are not all that easy to come by. The *News Chronicle*'s search for an editor may take some time.

Meanwhile such changes as are made in the paper are likely to be rather slow and cautious. The calculation is that the rise in price to 2½*d.* will give the *News Chronicle* – along with others – a breathing space in which to prospect the future. No one of course knows for certain, as I pointed out last week, what exact effect the price rise will have on sales. But if provincial experience is a guide – and it may not be an entirely accurate one – the ½*d.* rise could mean a circulation loss only in the range of about two per cent. On this sort of level, or even with a somewhat bigger loss, and after taking into account possible adjustments in advertising rates, the ½*d.* could bring home the *News Chronicle* and the *Star* – and also very probably the *Herald* – out of the red. Against this it will greatly swell the gross revenue from sales of the bigger newspaper groups. It may, for instance, increase that of the *Mirror* and *Express* groups by £2,000,000 a year or more, and thus greatly add to the resources they can throw into the circulation battle. The 2½*d.* rise can give the *News Chronicle* time to breathe and look around and a relief from the intolerable economic pressure of recent months, but it cannot, alas, do much more.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

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Freedom and Tribunals

WHEN MPs reassemble at the end of this month, they are bound to have the economic situation in the forefront of their minds. It is to be hoped that preoccupation with the misfortunes of Mr Macmillan's crumbling government will not lead to any long postponement of the debate – originally arranged for 29 October – on the report of the Franks Committee on Administrative Tribunals and Inquiries.

The weakness of this historic (and admirable) report, which parliament alone can probe and remedy, is that the committee's terms of reference did not embrace the whole problem of ensuring that the executive uses its powers over the citizen lawfully and justly. As Professor David Mitrany has pointed out in the *Manchester Guardian*, the terms of reference did not allow the committee to 'consider how to deal with grievances which arise out of decisions arrived at in the ordinary departmental way. . . . The inquiry and its report, therefore, leave a serious gap in the armoury for protecting private rights, and one which cannot be allowed to remain open'. Thus two questions have to be asked in connection with the report:

(1) To what extent does it provide satisfactory answers to the questions raised by its terms of reference?

(2) To what extent did the terms of reference afford scope to the committee to investigate the real problem in issue, namely, assuming the existence and the probable expansion of the activities of the Welfare State, how to reconcile individual liberty and the rule of law with efficiency in administration?

Sir Oliver Franks and his colleagues deserve a vote of thanks for the way they have set about their task. Wading through a mass of technical detail without letting themselves be engulfed in it, they have emphasised the need both for the continued existence of tribunals and for important changes in their constitution and procedure. It would be difficult to differ on either count. It would certainly be impracticable, and probably, too, would be undesirable, to transfer to the ordinary civil courts the jurisdiction to decide the kinds of question that now come before administrative tribunals. These more often involve technical details than questions of law, and to appoint judges to try them would mean seriously lowering the quality of the judiciary by the large number of appointments that would be required. On the other hand, as the committee pointed out, 'tribunals are not ordinary courts, but neither are they appendages of government departments. Much of the official evidence . . . appeared to reflect the view that tribunals should be regarded as part of the machinery of administration, for which the government must retain a close and continuing responsibility. We,' the committee very properly emphasised, 'do not accept this view.'

To ensure that tribunals do their work properly, and within the law, the committee prescribed, first, the establishment of new institutions, namely, two standing councils on tribunals, one for England and Wales, the other for Scotland, 'to keep the constitution and working of tribunals under continuous review' and to appoint their members – other than the chairmen, who should, in their opinion, be appointed by the Lord Chancellor for England, and by the Lord President of the Court of Session or by the Lord Advocate for Scotland; and, secondly, the application of three standards, namely, openness, fairness and impartiality, equally to tribunals and to those inquiries that are within their terms of reference.

Of the detailed recommendations, perhaps the most important are that the citizen should know in good time before the hearing, as in a court of law, the case he has to meet, and he should accordingly receive a document setting out the main points of the opposing case; that hearings before tribunals should, with certain exceptions, be in public; that the right to legal representation before tribunals should be curtailed only in the most exceptional circumstances; that decisions of tribunals should be reasoned and as full as possible; that, as soon as possible after the hearing, a tribunal should send to the parties a written notice of decision, which should set out the decision itself, the findings of fact by the tribunal, the reasons for the decision and the rights of appeal against the decision; that final appellate tribunals should publish selected decisions and circulate them to lower tribunals; that there should normally be an appeal on fact, law and merits from a tribunal of first instance to an appellate tribunal; that there should almost invariably be an appeal on a point of law to the courts; and that no statute should contain words purporting to oust the remedies of *certiorari*, prohibition and *mandamus*.

On detail, and on relatively important detail, the validity of certain of the committee's conclusions is open to doubt. To take two examples, on the one hand it seems possible that the majority of the committee has rather confused the nature of administrative inquiries by or on behalf of a minister in recommending that inspectors conducting them should be appointed by the Lord Chancellor instead of by the minister to whom they should report: there seems to be a good deal of force in Lord Silkin's note of reservation. On the other hand, the arguments which led the committee to reject the proposal that a central corps of clerks should be set up to serve the tribunals are singularly unconvincing, and leave the impression that the committee encountered stubborn departmental opposition on an issue which it itself rated as of secondary importance. But taken as a whole the report is a striking and most heartening vindication of the citizen's right to have his claims as an individual weighed fairly against the claims of the public.

The quality of the report makes it all the more disappointing that the committee was precluded from surveying the whole of the field. What safeguards are necessary to ensure that the administration acts under, and according to the law? What standards, in this respect, should the administration set itself? These seem to be the two questions that require an answer. The Franks Committee was prevented from examining them as a whole; parliament is under no such inhibition. Indeed its obligation is to take the matter further than Sir Oliver Franks was allowed to. An early debate will provide an acid test of the seriousness of the government's purpose in setting up the Franks Committee; it will also give the opposition an opportunity to show the strength of its support for the far-reaching principles enunciated in the Labour Party's policy statement, *Personal Freedom*.

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Princes of the Church

THE appointment of an Anglican diocesan bishop rates a photograph on the centre page of *The Times*, an ecumenical note in the *Manchester Guardian*, a couple of paragraphs (sometimes malevolent) in the Peterborough column of the *Daily Telegraph* – and, provided nothing very exciting has happened the day before, an item under News In Brief in the popular dailies. And, since newsmen must be taken to know their own business, that fact probably reveals as well as anything the importance and significance that princes of the established church possess in a by now predominantly secular state. In applying to the bishops its favourite adjective 'meddling' the *Daily Express* Opinion Column speaks for the average citizen. It is significant that probably the only episcopal surname that the ordinary person could be guaranteed to produce on demand is that of the present Archbishop of Canterbury. And his fame is explicable, not primarily by the exalted nature of his office (he ranks in precedence immediately after the Royal Family), but more squalidly by the fact that he has been built up into the journalists' own very dear Aunt Sally.

But within a more restricted and exclusive sphere (roughly represented by the egregious drawings on the hoardings of 'Top People') the story is very different. There the bishop is still a man to be reckoned with. It is he who is asked to confer the ultimate *cachet* upon a county garden party, his name heads the list of those supporting the project of a new university, and during the campaign for the abolition of capital punishment even Mr Victor Gollancz could be heard boasting of the fact that the names of five bishops appeared in letterpress upon his formidable notepaper. And

The Romans, now apparently lacking further divinities after which the months could be named, simply called this Eighth Month having begun their year in March. Regrettably, they continued on this unimaginative course to the end of the year.

Heredity is an odd thing. The gourmet, savouring the pleasures of pheasant, of nuts and wine, of Doyenne de Comice (that queen of all dessert pears) owes something of his pleasure to those Saxon forbears whose appreciation of such things led them to name this the Month of Wine. And the Soccer enthusiast, now well into his form, has something in common with the men who came over with Caesar. Look in at any big match. The spectacle differs only in degree from a gala performance at the Coliseum; and you will hear, showered with fine impartiality upon the contestants, advice of a kind which every gladiator who ever had an off-day would surely recognise. Fortunately, this advice is seldom practical and rarely heeded . . . and therein it differs most markedly from that which Midland Bank daily provides for thousands of its customers.

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Mr Gollancz was, of course, right. For as the *éminences grises* of British life, bishops still exert influence: within the citadel of the Establishment the bishops represent the Keep. Alone of 20th-century prelates William Temple and George Bell have chosen the barricades in preference to the battlements. The rest, characteristically banishing the ten thousand difficulties that do not make a doubt, have continued to look out on life as from a fortress.

Mainly, of course, this is due not to the offices which they hold but to the type of men which they are. Of the present 43 members of the episcopal bench, there is scarcely one who would have thought it odd or surprising if as a boy he had been introduced to a bishop. In the first place, no fewer than 19 are themselves the sons of clergy – a striking, if somewhat obscure, tribute to the efficacy of the doctrine of the apostolic succession. Secondly, only two were not educated at fee-paying schools – and they very properly gloss over this unfortunate fact, by not mentioning it in their entries in *Who's Who*. Thirdly, Oxford and Cambridge account for 38 out of the 43 – and none of the distressed remnant sinks lower than Durham. Their records after education similarly confirm that the bishops represent a slice from the upper crust of life. No less than 40 per cent. have seen service as officers in the armed forces; two actually commanded battalions, and one in every four (thus proving that the Church Militant is no empty phrase) has been decorated for valour.

But if there are men of action, there are also men of thought. Over half of the present bench spent a large part of their working lives before mounting their thrones as public schoolmasters or dons. In fact, the only gap in their communal widely flung experience (extending from the Arctic to Melanesia) seems to be that of the ordinary hard grind, year in year out, of parish work. On the evidence it would appear that the worst start that an ambitious young ordinand (and dedicated young men in theological colleges have been known to inquire of their friends as to how they think their legs would look in gaiters) can possibly give himself is to try to learn something of the work to which later on he may be directing other men.

The great divide which there is between the superior and inferior clergy, perhaps best revealed at the vicarage supper table by the involuntary recoil of the prince of the church when the vicar's wife inquires whether she can 'press him to some shape', is not, of course, technically the church's responsibility. Like colonial governors and regius professors, bishops of the established church are appointed by the Prime Minister from Downing Street. In an office there, sits the Patronage Secretary, the Prime Minister's eye upon the church; and it is he whom the designing calculating cleric longs to see in his congregation. For so far as career is concerned, this one man – a civil servant – holds the key of life and death. Only once – in 1942 at the time of the translation of William Temple from York to Canterbury – has the united will of the church succeeded in overcoming the forebodings of Downing Street. And in that case the claims were so overwhelming that they could not be gainsaid – did not even Winston describe him, however reluctantly, as 'the half-crown article in a penny bazaar'?

The same thing did not happen in 1945 when the 'safe' man, Dr Fisher of London, was preferred to William Temple's 'natural successor', George Bell of Chichester. Nor do things noticeably change, as in Barchester, with the government in power. The six years of the Attlee administration produced only two 'bold' appointments – and those minor ones – Canon Collins from Oriel to Saint Paul's, and Canon Carpenter from Stanmore (Lord Attlee's own old parish) to Westminster Abbey. For the rest tribute was paid to the shadow of Mr Baldwin.

For all that, the church cannot shuffle off complete responsibility for the choice of its leaders. Suffragan bishops and archdeacons (often in these administrative days diocesan bishops in embryo) are, after all, selected according to the personal grace and favour of their 'fathers in God'; and, in the case of diocesans and of deans of cathedrals, it is customary for the Archbishop of Canterbury to be consulted before any nomination to the Queen is made. When, for example, Dr Hewlett Johnson was suggested for the Deanery of Manchester in 1924, Randall Davidson, the then Archbishop of Canterbury, strongly urged the appointment upon Ramsay Macdonald's private secretary – on the grounds that 'Johnson always carries weight with thoughtful people'. Time was when a Prime Minister would have his own private clerical adviser – a clergyman whom he happened to know and who had hovering rights near his ear. But that this was not entirely a happy arrangement was shown when Canon Pearce – Lloyd George's mentor in matters ecclesiastical – plaintively inquired, after recommending a number of his contemporaries for preferment, when it should be his turn. And nowadays everything is done through official channels.

On the whole, however, the church does not seem dissatisfied with the present situation: ecclesiastical dignitaries tend, understandably, to be complacent about the method by which they themselves have been selected. And, of course, being 'the church by law established' does make the whole thing seem wonderfully respectable – also simple. Once the first and great commandment – 'Thou shalt not give offence' – is understood and accepted, it only remains to press forward through the appropriate stages (the fashionable curacy, marrying if possible the Earl of Selborne's daughter, writing a few sound letters to *The Times* in which the phrase 'moral fibre' should normally be mentioned, and as the final consummation appearing on the BBC's television Epilogue) and the prize of the high calling is there within reach. There is perhaps no other walk of life where the rules of the game are so plain and clear for all to see; and the Anglican Church is undeniably a refuge for men of small ability and great ambition. Some, of course, would indignantly claim that no clergyman ever dreams of thinking in these terms; but that this is a naive judgment is perhaps shown by the fact that one recent Archbishop used to practise his signature – Cosmo Cantuar – while he was still a curate in Portsea. And it is fair to say that, apart from the mistake of kicking a fallen king, he made a perfectly adequate Archbishop.

But the coin, with the image of Cæsar so firmly imprinted on one side, does have another face. And it is when one considers the clergymen who are spending their lives in undeserved obscurity, perhaps because of a lack of any desire to push, or more likely because their views are considered 'dangerous' and 'risky' by their immediate superiors, that one wonders whether the Anglican Church would not be well advised to have done with the Establishment, in both senses of the term. So long as prestige is thought more important than freedom, so long as the phrase Throne and Altar is preferred to Church and People, so long as the Hunt for Souls has Joint Masters, the Anglican episcopate is voluntarily abdicating from moral authority, and therefore forfeiting its spiritual power.

ANTHONY HOWARD

The Arts and Entertainment

Monet, More or Less

THE Monet exhibition arranged by Douglas Cooper and John Richardson, which has arrived from Edinburgh at the Tate, was compiled under difficulties. 'Only after the decision had been taken to make Monet its subject', writes Mr Philip James in his foreword to the catalogue, 'was it discovered that another Monet exhibition was being planned in America for Minneapolis and St Louis. Plans had gone too far for either exhibition to be postponed. . . .' Still, Professor Cooper is prepared to claim that 'the present collection of pictures gives as complete a survey of Monet's work as is possible within the available gallery space'. But Professor Cooper has a curious notion of what a complete survey implies. True, every conceivable aspect of Monet's work is exemplified somehow: every shift of style or subject is illustrated; if some aspect of Monet's life is recorded in paint – *e.g.*, his use of a floating studio – the evidence is as likely as not presented; unfamiliar and surprising sides of his work are conscientiously represented. As a documentary exhibition this is certainly a pretty complete survey, of high value to those concerned with incidentals rather than essentials. But an exhibition of this sort is not primarily intended to have a documentary value, or shouldn't be: it is absurd to use an opportunity of this kind to do what could be almost equally well done in an exhibition of photographs or an illustrated book. On the contrary, the proper function of an exhibition of original paintings by a master is to present that master in terms of masterpieces.

This is what Professor Cooper and Mr Richardson have signally failed to do. If their exhibition contains many duds whose inclusion could be justified in the interests of comprehensiveness or curiosity (*e.g.*, Nos. 19, 31, 40, 43, 45, 46, 57, 71, 72, 76, 77, 98, 99, 100, 101, 111), it includes several others whose presence in a major exhibition is simply incomprehensible (*e.g.*, Nos. 8, 38, 47, 54, 64, 67, 69, 85, 106, 108). And there are decidedly not enough examples of Monet at his very best to balance the deadwood. Thus a pleasant enough picture, but a lady's picture, like the *View of Antibes from the Gardens of La Salis*, lately shown at the O'Hara Gallery, is included, but not the superlative *Notre Dame de la Mer on the Banks of the Seine*, lately shown at the Lefèvre. Again, some paintings are included which normally hang in the Tate, but not *Autumnal Effects, Argenteuil* or *Morning on the Seine at Lavacourt*, which are far finer than those which have been included and which would have added to the comprehensiveness as well as the quality of the exhibition. This sort of thing suggests that lack of discernment far more than the rivalry of Minneapolis has made this a second-rate exhibition, an exhibition which does far less service to Monet's reputation than the smaller and more informal exhibition held three years ago at the Marlborough.

What is distinctly odd is Mr Philip James's notion of the defects of the exhibition:

> There are certain weaknesses: several of the outstanding early figure paintings could not be obtained, because they were in too delicate a condition to travel. The strictly Impressionist period of the 60s and 70s is not as strongly represented as one would have wished. Here again there were difficulties and disappointments over loans. Lastly, still-life paintings, always difficult to find, proved almost unobtainable.

Now this is what is odd. Mr James dwells on the inadequacy with which the early work is represented. Yet, numerically at least, the early phases of Monet's career get a more than fair deal. Out of 116 exhibits, there are two works of the Fifties, 16 of the Sixties, 37 of the Seventies, 34 of the Eighties, 11 of the Nineties, 11 of the years 1900-1909, and five of the years 1910-1926. Thus it would seem far more to the point to complain that there are only two of the paintings, dating from the early Nineties, of poplars on the banks of the Epte, which, by virtue of their combination of variety and consistent brilliance, bid fair to rank as the finest of all Monet's 'series'; and that the selection of *Nymphéas* does scant justice to the side of Monet's work which has been most discussed in recent years.

And why, by the way, have the *Nymphéas* been hung where they are, in the worst of the four rooms, indeed, a terrible room for hanging paintings in? Why wasn't the exhibition hung the other way round, with the immature works, not the climax, shown scrappily in a poor light?

The answer to all these questions can be found if the catalogue is consulted. Professor Cooper believes that the recent revival of interest in Monet has been too much centred upon the late work. This exhibition is his attempt to instruct us that the balance must be redressed. He says:

> For we must not overlook the essential fact

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that Monet painted the late *Nymphéas*, of which we now hear so much, at a time when his sight was not merely clouded by cataract but rapidly failing. How much of what the abstract artists of today find exciting in them was intentional and how much fortuitous? We cannot be sure, although Monet never tired of telling his friends how few of these paintings were accurate transcriptions of what he saw. There is, however, no doubt that many so-called 'abstract' Monets were canvases which the artist abandoned in an unfinished state because he regarded them as failures. By these he would not have wished his intentions to be judged. The few unfinished works which figure in the present exhibition have, therefore, been included to point a contrast.

Professor Cooper does not yet seem to have appreciated the fact that one of the essential differences between modern art and earlier art is that it is never possible to be sure when a modern work is 'finished', that in a sense a modern work is not finishable, that modern artists are constantly uncertain whether their works are finished or not. Monet wanted to do more to the Orangerie *Nymphéas*, but Professor Cooper doesn't condemn them as unfinished. As to the canvases which Monet 'abandoned in an unfinished state because he regarded them as failures', Cézanne did as much with the *Vieille au Chapelet*, but, rightly or wrongly, it's now in the National Gallery. And as to what Monet told his friends, don't most of the good artists say something of the sort?

Monet's failing sight looks like a better wicket for Professor Cooper. And yet art is a mysterious affair (another fact that Professor Cooper always seems reluctant to recognise), and who can say how well a master needs to see when he has a lifetime's experience of painting behind him? Judging by results I can say this. Every painter I have run into on visits to the exhibition has singled out for special praise No. 114, one of the very late works resembling a *tachiste* picture and which Professor Cooper calls 'unfinished' and a work that does not 'do justice to the richness of the artist's vision of nature'. And the painter who was loudest in its praise was not a *tachiste*, who could find justification in it for his own practice; he was one of the acknowledged leaders of the young 'Realists'. It's not only because they're reminded of Mark Rothko that people nowadays like the *Nymphéas*.

DAVID SYLVESTER

Dismal Jimmy

WHATEVER vices the British cinema can be accused of, no one can call it over-anxious to exploit other people's successes – in the vulgar fashion of, say, Hollywood. The film version of *Look Back in Anger*, though announced many months ago, still remains but a tantalising promise; and producers seem unaccountably slow in bidding for the screen rights of *The Colin Wilson Story*. Perhaps the general favour shown to the film of *Lucky Jim*, which has just torn into the Gaumont, only a trifle over three-and-a-half years after the publication of the novel, will make film people more aware of the commercial possibilities of an angry young cinema?

Kingsley Amis fans must be warned, however, not to pitch their hopes too high: the translation is rough rather than scrupulous. Not that a realist could have expected much else. After all, bearing in mind the standard requirements of a British film subject, just look at *Lucky Jim*. It has, to begin with, distinct contemporary relevance. The milieu is academic, and the wit intelligent. The hero is a lower-crust university lecturer; and he is an intellectual – tirelessly self-aware, self-examining, self-obsessed. Worst of all, there is an edge on the whole thing; the characterisation is sharp, and the observation generally malicious. If it had got on the screen even approximately as it stood, *Lucky Jim* would have represented a revolution in the British cinema.

The revolution, I need hardly add, has not taken place. And it is only fair to say that the film-makers are quite honest about what they are giving us instead. The script is credited to Patrick Campbell, 'with additional scenes and dialogue by Jeffrey Dell'; and we are expressly informed that the picture comes 'from the same kennel as *Private's Progress* and *Brothers-in-Law*'. What exactly does this mean, the uninitiated may ask? It means quite simply that original comedy has been transformed into conventional farce. The characters have been flattened, simplified and vulgarised. The temptations of realist shooting have been conscientiously resisted, and the story has been wholly abstracted from reality. And, inevitably, Jim Dixon himself has been stripped of personality, and turned into a farcical lay-figure. He emerges as our old favourite, the College Idiot, who does everything wrong but gets the girl in the end – the traditional George Formby formula in fact, even down to the speeded-up chase in the last reel. Ian Carmichael does not *act* Jim; he does him as a turn, with comic grimaces and an intermittent North Country accent.

It is a long-standing fallacy that this kind of simplification does no harm, is indeed made inevitable by some mysterious law of 'Cinema'. Thus, in a revealing discussion of this very film on the BBC programme 'Talking of Films' the other Sunday, Mr Anthony Quinton (a Fellow of All Souls I believe) approvingly noted the 'strong element of farce in the film – though not unwelcome in any way, not out of tune, out of harmony in any respect. . . .' And Kingsley Amis too submitted to the change as 'inevitable' – '. . . the machinery of oppression and domination, and so on, is so much more – can be so much more – subtle in a book than it could possibly be in a film'. Presumably he picked this idea up from the Boulting Brothers, for anything more intrusive and obvious than the gimmicks stuffed into *Lucky Jim* it would be difficult to imagine: the bottle of Cherry Brandy which plays a tune when you lift it up; the whimsical boxer terrier; the water splashes and the disturbed lovers in the chase at the end. The direction, too, is continuously over-emphatic, stressing every raised eyebrow, every comic footfall, with a thumping close-up. But this is not 'Cinema'. It is the desperate result of not believing in your subject, not feeling that the situations and characters are comic in themselves, of falling back on artifice instead of observation. *Lucky Jim* could have made a good film; even an important one. Imagine it done with the zest, the wit, the adult intelligence which Castellani gave *E Primavera* or *Two Pennyworth of Hope*, or with the vivacity and social accuracy of Becker's *Antoine et Antoinette* or *Rendezvous de Juillet*. We'd never get away with anything as good as that in Britain? Well, we won't know till we try – will we now?

Come to think of it, another director who might have made a sparkling go of *Lucky Jim* is Michael Cacoyannis, the young Greek director whose three films to date have shown such liveliness and versatility. From next Monday, the Everyman are running an enterprising, three-week season of them – *Windfall in Athens*, *Stella*, and *The Girl in Black*. This is the kind of thing we need at home.

LINDSAY ANDERSON

Fireside Salome

SHOW people are professional optimists; and I was not at all surprised, during a rehearsal of the BBC's Television *Salome*, to hear the probable audience estimated at six million. Divide that number by two; allow for the shedding of a liberal percentage en route to the final horror; it still remains true that the number of people who saw Strauss's opera last week must form a considerable proportion of the total number who have seen it anywhere in the world since its first appearance 52 years ago. A sobering thought; for what will the consequences be? To put millions of people off opera for life? Or to whet a dormant appetite?

It is impossible to guess the answers to such questions. In one sense *Salome* was a good choice. A single act of mounting tension, music that powerfully evokes an atmosphere, continuous quasi-realistic dialogue instead of set arias and ensembles: all this suits the operatically awkward medium. On the other hand, the nature of the action does not. Even when performed on a large and dimly lit stage, the climax has always seemed, to quote Max Beerbohm on the subject of the spoken play,

> too horrible for definite and corporeal presentment. It should be seen only through the haze of our imagination. The bitter triumph of Salome's lust for John the Baptist, as she kneels kissing the lips of the severed head, is a thing that we can read of, and vaguely picture to ourselves, with no more than the thrill of horror which tragedy may rightly inflict on us. But when we see the thing—when we have it illustrated to us in sharp detail by a human being—then we suffer something beyond the rightful tragic thrill: we suffer qualms of physical disgust.

Perhaps a generation which has supped its fill on real and imagined horrors no longer feels such qualms. Even Max allowed that the right kind of acting and stage-management could mitigate them. The severed head, for instance, 'ought not to be very obvious to the audience. Salome, when she receives it from the executioner, ought to remain at the back of the stage, in as dark a shadow as can possibly be thrown on her'. In the 1905 stage production, however, she 'brought the head briskly down to the footlights, and in that glare delivered to it all her words and kisses'. In 1957 Helga Pilarczyk could go one better: she carried the horrid thing right on to our hearthrug and fondled it like a dog with some abomination from the garden. No fault of this excellent artist, who carried out to admiration the arduous task of singing, acting and dancing the role in front of the merciless cameras. But the producer, Rudolph Cartier, who often showed much tact and taste, ought to have been far more sparing of close-ups. He failed to give us a clear geographical notion, at the outset, of the terrace on which the action takes place—we never knew exactly where we were; and his lighting effects suggested daylight rather than moonlight. On the other hand, his treatment of the Baptist's emergence from and return to the cistern was highly imaginative and dramatic. This part was magnificently sung by Norman Foster, a singer who would be welcome at Covent Garden, where we are cruelly short of heroic bass-baritones. The production suffered a last-minute handicap through the indisposition of Jon Vickers; in the circumstances Hasso Eschert managed very creditably, in a mixture of languages, to convey some notion of the neurotic Herod. Monica Sinclair, however, turned the sinful Herodias into a resolutely decent British matron. Walter Goehr

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seemed to be drawing a good performance from the LSO; but the orchestra was too much subordinated to the voices. It was a courageous experiment, and—considering the inherent complexities and incongruities of TV opera—in many ways a surprisingly successful one. Yet I should hardly blame the family viewer if he should cry 'Turn the thing off!" long before Herod cried 'Kill that woman!'

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

'Poor Man's Third'?

ALMOST the first words uttered on the BBC's Network Three last Monday must have shocked Lord Reith if he heard them: 'You will hear what you want to hear, and we will do our utmost to see that you get it'. This is intended to be, it seems, a kind of listeners' club; and listeners on its first evening were repeatedly exhorted to send in their views and wishes in writing.

What's Your Pleasure?, accordingly, was the title of the first programme in the 90-minute magazine; and an attempt had evidently been made to include something to please almost everybody (except, of course, the purists and sourpusses who obstinately regret the time lost to the Third Programme). The effect was, inevitably, a bit scrappy: an interview with Britten on his methods of work, a recording of Sir Malcolm talking to the audience on the last night of the Proms; then an Israeli folk song and a historical survey of the use of strings, illustrated by snatches from half-a-dozen composers from Vivaldi to Tchaikowsky. After that there came another interview, with Mr Rudolf Schwarz—opening in a singularly banal and old-fashioned way: 'Well, Mr Schwarz, how do you feel about your appointment as chief conductor of the BBC Symphony Orchestra?' The answer was 'very, very happy'. He could hardly have said 'miserable'. But we were given a fleeting impression of the immense amount of 'back-room' work that such an orchestra has to do.

What's Your Pleasure? will be included in Network Three every Monday evening. It will be musical in content every other Monday; on the alternate Mondays it will deal with the other arts, books, plays, archaeology.

From the first we had been told that Network Three would appeal specially to, among others, collectors. Of all the different kinds of collector—stamps, match-box labels, horse-brasses—it seemed strange that collectors, or potential collectors, of pictures should be the first catered for. I hope that the programme-planners' faith in this subject as a mass-audience-builder was justified. Those who stayed switched on heard an interesting interview with Mr Sidney Sabin, chairman of the British Antique Dealers' Association. The interviewer, Mr Basil Taylor, was excellent, the wistful bargain-hunter who lurks within most of us. What would be a good kind of picture for the relatively poor man to start collecting now? How best to buy? Can one still pick up treasures at auction sales? This was the only point that roused Mr Sabin to really passionate emphasis. 'There can be no question at all that the person from whom to buy a picture must be a dealer of great reputation', and (need I add?) caution should be used in dealing with anyone not a member of the British Antique Dealers' Association.

Then there was a rather enjoyable chat by a young husband, on his experiences as a father, which ended with a neat joke ('all I ask is a quiet night . . .', but all he gets is 'a long call and a strong call that may not be denied') and a recording of a baby's squawl. Then came a discussion, by four admirably sensible parents, on how to advise 'teen-agers about sex (apart from elementary instruction in the 'facts of life'). This would have held any parents', or 'teen-agers', attention, though it was sometimes slightly too chummy and consciously brave and candid (one approach recommended being '*I* don't know how menstruation *exactly* works—let's look at it together'). Mr Harry Rée, the grammar-school headmaster who led the discussion, should check his habit of indulging in a cosy double-grunt while others are talking—an often unconscious trick, intended to encourage the interlocutor, which only irritates the listener.

It is too soon to give more than a tentative interim report on Network Three, but it is still hard to understand why the Third Programme should have been mutilated to make way for it. There was little in it on Monday that could not have been accommodated in the Home, or even the Light. Nor, though the framework is new, was there any startling innovation in any of the items. They made a pleasant enough magazine of painless instruction—a radio evening class sugared with entertainment; but *not* a 'poor man's Third'.

Network Three's chief defect on Monday seemed to me that it was too obviously didactic and that the manner of its introduction was too static, too like a lecture: it sounded as if it were (and no doubt it was) being read from a script. In this respect it was far less appealing than a programme with which, after all, it competes directly, BBC TV's *Tonight* (or even, in variety, than the Home's *Town and Country*): those who present it ought to try to emulate (not merely, of course, imitate) Cliff Michelmore's happy informality and knack of improvisation. This is particularly so because, as I said at the beginning, they are trying to get listeners to feel that they belong to a kind of correspondence club: never were customers wooed with more forbidding formality. Still, this is a fault that could be corrected . . . so long as the approach to the listeners is not, fundamentally, patronising.

TOM DRIBERG

'Arlecchino' at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith

It would be absurd to suggest that this company gets the most out of Goldoni's *The Servant of Two Masters*, here called, briefly, *Arlecchino*. Or indeed that it comes near to achieving the skill and humour capable of being extracted from this play. Nevertheless they don't do at all badly; and if the precision and agility necessary to bring success to the dinner-serving scene eludes them, there is much else in this good-humoured and willing production that pleases. They do, at any rate, act their way smoothly through a play that, on to the relatively simple plot-line of Arlecchino serving two masters at the same time, weaves a series of fantastical matrimonial difficulties. David Turnbull's production has something to be said for it, especially when dealing with not greatly experienced actors. Their speaking, with some monotonous exceptions, was good, crisp and clear. And despite the tendency to broad buffoonery, some scenes were neatly done by any standards but the highest. The courtship by Arlecchino (Barry Letts) of the maidservant Smeraldina (Fanny Carby) was disarmingly attractive, while Dr Lombardi's mounting, Latin-interpolated denunciation of Pantalone was a delightfully ferocious piece of invective by John Barrard.

M. C.

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Correspondence

DEDIJER IS SILENCED

SIR,—As one who recently expressed in your columns my pleasure at the fact that the Yugoslav government allowed Vladimir Dedijer to travel freely abroad, and who quoted this as an example of the extent of personal freedom in that country, may I now express my deep disappointment at my discovery that I was wrong. Apparently I spoke too soon and too optimistically. The Yugoslav government's refusal of a visa to Dedijer to come to this country and take up a lecturing post in Manchester University is a shock to Socialists here who believed that Yugoslavia's 'road to Socialism' could accommodate freedom of discussion within its own ranks—and would certainly allow freedom of movement for its citizens. Having known Dedijer for many years, and talked with him both inside and outside Yugoslavia, I know he has never been anything but an effective ambassador for the Socialist movement to which he has devoted his life and I am at a loss to understand the reason for this vindictive action against him. May I also deplore the decision to bring Djilas to trial again for the publication of his book *The New Class?* I did not like the book, but I am certain that the proceedings against him on account of it will do far more harm to Yugoslavia than the book could ever do. I strongly endorse the hope expressed by the National Executive of the Labour Party that at least the trial will be held in public. Yugoslavia is in danger of losing some of her best friends in this country by actions of this kind.

BARBARA CASTLE

House of Commons

SIR,—I am unconvinced by your note 'Dedijer is Silenced'. I believe it is an error of judgement. I have spent several weeks in Yugoslavia and I was able to talk with people from all walks of life. Not one of them had a good word for Dedijer or Djilas. Their argument runs as follows: 'For six years we lived in a state of

siege and paid a very high price. Life is brighter now but any incautious move and the Russians will again tighten the screws. All our achievements will be jeopardised. Dedijer knows this very well and therefore he was asked to refrain from referring to the Soviet Union when he went abroad. Hardly had he left the country when he disregarded this request.'

I was shown evidence in the Soviet press that Dedijer's lecture in Stockholm was used as a stick to beat not him but Yugoslavia. Equally, Djilas's *New Class* is being exploited against Yugoslavia in the Eastern orbit. On my tour through Yugoslavia I passed through the barren and desolate Karst region between Mostar and Dubrovnik. A few peasants are eking out a hard living from a few fig and olive trees growing on small terraces. But there is hope: bauxite has been found and the new aluminium plant, supplied by the Russians, is to go up at Niksic in the very heart of this region. It will transform life in that area and lighten the burden of the whole of Yugoslavia which has to subsidise people living there. But one wrong move and the Russians will go back on their promise.

The choice is between the well-being of many and the foolhardiness of Dedijer and Djilas. It is quite possible to disagree with the Yugoslav government on their tactics with regard to their two former leaders, but there is little doubt as far as the merit of the case is concerned. Moreover, having carefully studied the shop windows of Yugoslav bookshops, scanned Yugoslav periodicals and seen papers ranging from the *New York Times* and *Figaro* to *Pravda* and *Scinteia* at newspaper stands, I do not think it would be right to speak of thought control. Yugoslavia is wide open to foreign ideas but there are certain limits set, not by arbitrary decisions of Tito or the Communist League, but by a legal system which Dedijer and Djilas helped to introduce and which they have now chosen to reject. That is their right, but it is equally the right of the majority to observe the laws and to insist on their observance.

KURT DOWSON

46 Christchurch Avenue
NW6

THE NEW SCHOOL TIE

SIR,—In her illuminating article on Modern schools, Judith Hubback rightly emphasises the difference between the good and the bad: those that are even better than the pre-war selective Central schools, and those that are little different from the Senior Elementary school. But even were they all as good as the best, one problem would remain, which she ignores. It is the social aspect of the Modern school. Few parents in the higher income groups, if their children fail to enter Grammar school, are prepared to send them to Modern schools, though an increasing number now send them to Primary, Grammar, and Comprehensive schools. Their reluctance is not entirely from reasons of snobbishness. These parents often want their children to remain at school till 17 or 18 years of age. But few Modern schools are able to organise courses for children after the age of 16; and even where this can be done, it depends on the number of children available for the course, and sufficient teachers. It is discouraging for a pupil to be the only one of its age in a school; and terminal leavings also make difficulties in arranging a variety of advanced courses. Transfer to a Grammar school is not the right solution for a slow learner. Thus many parents of such children send them to independent schools instead of using the state system. Because of the discrepancy between the age of starting secondary education in the state and independent schools, parents who are doubtful if their children are suitable for a Grammar school cannot send them to a Primary school, as it is difficult to know what to do with the child between the ages of 11 and 13.

Many concerned with education believe that the answer to this problem is the Comprehensive school, where education continues in one environment from 11 till the child leaves school, where there are enough specialist teachers to arrange a variety of courses, and where the slow learner can feel integrated in the school community till the age of 17 or 18. I do not understand why Mrs Hubback says that the Comprehensive

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school is a likely solution only in 'towns of the right size or compact country areas'. Suitable children attend a Grammar school even when they live in the most remote country areas. As the size of a Comprehensive school is estimated on the number needed to form an academic sixth form, no children would need to travel further than the Grammar school child does to-day.

I do not wish to reopen the discussion on Comprehensive schools. Many have existed long enough for experience to have been gained about their academic work. It would be of interest to undertake a survey comparing the academic achievements and possibilities of the Comprehensive schools with those of the maintained Grammar schools in like areas. I believe the results would allay the fears of those who believe the Comprehensive school depresses academic standards.

HELEN BENTWICH

Hollycot
Vale of Health, NW3

SIR,—I have, in a long teaching career, taught in almost every kind of school—Infants, Juniors, Grammar, Central, Selective, and now 'Secondary Modern Mixed', and there is no doubt whatever that here is the biggest problem and this is the most difficult of all teaching. It was with regret, therefore, that I noticed the praise given by Judith Hubback, in her very fair and comprehensive survey, to the Modern schools which are making such efforts to persuade their brighter children to take some subjects in G.C.E. This is possible in Bi-lateral and Comprehensive schools, but so many of the Modern schools in which G.C.E. is being taken, have only between 300 and 400 children (a very good size for a school) and a staff whose timetable is difficult enough to arrange because of the necessity of teaching some practical subjects, such as needlework and woodwork, separately to boys and girls. When there is a small group taking G.C.E. in a variety of subjects, the energies and time of the best of the staff—the most highly qualified—are drawn off from the main function for which the school was built—the education of the non-academic child. The result is that classes in the basic subjects, English, maths, etc., are larger in the rest of the school, and there is no staff available to give that special individual help that is needed for the very slow.

How often have I heard it said—'It is a very good school—they prepare children for G.C.E.' If there are children who are wrongly placed, they should be re-tested and transferred as early as possible, and this is done under many authorities. If there are children who develop late, or who have one or two subjects at which they are good, they should be encouraged to take the entrance examination in their fourth year for a Technical school where they can continue after they are 15. There they may take their G.C.E. and other examinations they need for their vocation, and they will find themselves in groups which are large enough for them to know the stimulation of working with their intellectual equals. The real function of the Modern school is with that half of the population who will never take an academic examination, and all the resources and efforts of the staff should be turned to this work.

M. HALL

Bassingbourn Village College
Cambridgeshire

SIR,—May I comment on K. B. Forge's letter in your issue of 28 September?

1. To say that the 'state schools' batten upon 'those differences in attainment which arise between young children *as a result of their home conditions*' is a disgusting libel. On the best interpretation it implies that teachers are too incompetent or callous to discern the differences in children resulting from home conditions. At the worst it implies that such differences are deliberately catalogued for use against the child from a poor home.

The facts are about as diametrically opposite as they could be. Teachers take endless pains to compensate for poor home conditions and they do so with considerable success. So much so, that this factor counts for less and less as the children progress through the primary school.

2. Inborn intelligence is overwhelmingly the most important factor affecting school performance. This fact, so well known as to be axiomatic, is ignored by Mr Forge.

3. Most Junior school heads would still stream their schools even if the 11-plus exam. were abolished. I presume they still do where they feed Comprehensive schools. May I give just one example to illustrate the reason? Any large group of children of Seven-plus will contain some children with IQ's around 80 who will have made little or no progress in learning to read and to whom the fact that five and four make nine is still a mystery. To ask a teacher to cope with these children whilst catering for children with IQ's up to 140 who can read and write fluently seems futile and, unless the teacher has miraculous powers, against the interests of *all* the children. All this is so well known that it would not be worth saying if there were not people like K. B. Forge with muddy minds and fluent pens.

C. P. ROBERTS

The School House
Abbots Langley
Herts

SIR,—Ten years a primary school teacher of A, B, C, and D classes, I have noticed the vicious effects of the streaming Mr Forge refers to. I found a distinct air of 'We're not much good at school, Sir!' in all but the A classes. The selection was usually made at seven or eight years on ability in English and arithmetic. There resulted: an A class of very bright children, a B class of less bright, C of rather below average, and D of retarded and dull. I can see now that the system was unsatisfactory, for one reason alone, namely that it harmed all those not in the A classes.

I observed that these less successful children at seven were still hopeful, for the truth had not yet dawned on them. But as terms went by, word went round, parents prodded and hope began to fade. Their morale suffered, self confidence diminished, so that in spite of often excellent teaching, by the time the 11-plus came along to confirm them in their failure, the rot had already set in. Parents' natural disappointment at the result, the spectacle of the lucky few trotting off to the Grammar school, all this after three or four years as a B, C, or D streamer, and the damage was done.

Taking out the brighter ones upset the balance and deprived the less able children of the help, example, friendship and stimulation which they needed. It also, incidentally, often depressed those teachers, destined year after year to work with the slower children.

The headmaster with whom I now work has this year arranged the newcomers from the Infant schools chronologically. At last I have a fair cross section of the child community, a balanced class in which is a nucleus of 'Grammar-school types', already a year or so ahead in academic work, along with those of average ability, some retarded children and some dull. I have put them in groups of four. In each group is a child good at English, one good at arithmetic and one retarded. Thus they will help one another.

If we continue in this way, I have no doubt that our Grammar school potential will make the grade and the 80 per cent of the school who go elsewhere will not have been made to feel inferior all through their Primary school life. To segregate into these artificial groupings purely on English and arithmetic ability, ignoring other aptitudes, and to maintain them throughout the varied activities of school, reeks of another class system we could well do without.

ERIC AUSTEN

Chelsea, SW3

BOYCOTT

SIR,—Mr John Irwin seems to have made himself almost as angry as Father Allen. But before the readers of the NEW STATESMAN also lose their tempers let us get some facts straight about Ireland's Fethards—for there are more than one of them.

What Mr and Mrs Cloney do in their private lives is nobody's concern; least of all is it the concern of those foolish Catholic villagers who are boycotting their Protestant neighbours. That is admitted. (By the way, the nuns of Fethard Convent are still buying their goods from the Protestant shopkeepers.) It should be remembered, however, that just about the time Mrs Cloney disappeared with her children the police of Northern Ireland were searching throughout the whole British Isles for a 15-year-old Catholic girl who had been abducted from her parents in Belfast by a sect of extreme Protestant evangelists. The boycott at Fethard was as much a reaction against this abduction as against the flight of Mrs Cloney and her children.

Fethardism is part of the political situation in Ireland; but it is practised more in the Six Counties than in the Republic. Without Fethardism—or whatever it could have been called before Mrs Cloney fled from her home—there would never have been an Ulster Unionist Party. Here in Belfast, according to the 'Situations Vacant' columns of the newspapers, a belief in Protestantism is an *essential* qualification for a variety of jobs from engineer's apprentice to pastrycook's vanboy. Little boys and girls of school leaving age are often asked what religion they practise when they are interviewed for employment. One hears, too, of quite respectable Protestant tenants protesting to their landlords when Catholics move into their districts. There is a long list, which some day someone will publish, of Protestant employers in a great number of industries—engineering; electrical goods; food; clothing; printing, etc.—who resolutely refuse to employ Catholic workers. In the provincial areas of Ulster there is blatant discrimination against Catholics in the allocation of council houses and municipal employment. There is—and nearly everybody knows it—open manipulation of constituencies to ensure that Protestants (or, more correctly, Tory Unionists) will control even where they are the minority.

This letter is not written to excuse the boycotters of Fethard but just to point out that what Ireland

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needs is not Fethardism nor counter-Fethardism but a good grounding in Socialist humanism or a sound indoctrination in Voltairism.

ANDREW BOYD

2 Iris Drive
Belfast

SHAW AND MR GREENE

SIR,—I would like to say in reply to Mr Greene that I personally find nothing offensive in *St Joan*. The criticism is that of an eminent fellow-Catholic; it is not mine. Nevertheless this criticism is supported by rational arguments, presumably because Mr Hollis shares Mr Greene's view and does not expect to be received as the voice of the Church. Shaw in *St Joan* does not, as Mr Greene implies, criticise the Church. On the contrary, he seeks to do the impossible and to defend the Church from the outside. Such an attempt, on the Church's own premises, involves either bad arguments or bad faith. Secondly, Shaw uses theological terminology with its precise connotation to serve his own non-Christian thesis. I gave de Stogumber's wildly inaccurate use of the word 'redemption' as an example of this vulgar abuse. Thirdly, he perpetrates a gross travesty of fact in failing to mention Joan's appeals to the Pope and the Council of Basle, which were shamefully suppressed and thereby probably rendered the decision of the tribunal *ultra vires*.

Evidently erroneous apologetics and fake history do not, according to Mr Greene, offend Catholics. Is this really true? This is not simply a matter of Shaw advancing views critical of the Church. It is a matter of historical and apologetical misrepresentation in defence of the Church. Is it so absurd to hope that Catholics might find this offensive? Finally may I explain that I am not a Catholic and that I used the word 'repugnant' in a non-emotive sense.

JOHN HOBBS

NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME

SIR,—The pupils and staff of this school have decided to try to write a short history of Newcastle-under-Lyme, Staffordshire. We hope to publish this work next spring. We would be very grateful for any help your readers might be able to give us. We would particularly welcome material of the less obvious kind relating to famous people born in this district or associated with it. The loan of pamphlets, diaries, etc., would be most helpful.

PATRICIA MORRALL
(Head Girl), Form 4A
County Secondary Mixed School
Knutton, Newcastle, Staffs

'THE DOUBLE'

SIR,—Your reviewer is decidedly unjust in dismissing as translator's gush my statement 'In scope *The Double* is much inferior to the major novels [of Dostoevsky]. As a work of art, it eclipses them.'

Apart from *Poor Folk* (which Dostoevsky, your reviewer and I agree to be a tenth as good as *The Double*), what considerable work of this author has any claim to be regarded as a work of art? *Poor Folk* and *The Double* represent the maximum regard for language, style and form to be found in Dostoevsky's work; the major novels—the absolute minimum.

Your reviewer cannot know any better than I what Dostoevsky meant by the vague comment, generally and vaguely translated, to the effect that *The Double* '. . . positively did not come off'. He could, however, have said as much of the bulk of his work, and still prevented no one from assessing its relative merit.

GEORGE BIRD

PRAYERS AND GRACES

SIR,—I share Critic's affection for the Queen Victoria He-goat story; but I must remind him that it appears in the first *Prayers and Graces*. That is why it was not included in *More Prayers and Graces*.

VICTOR GOLLANCZ

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Autumn Books Supplement

PORTRAIT OF A PROVINCIAL INTELLECTUAL

THE Ercol suite had arrived the day before, and as he admired it in the pale sparkle – Martell and soda – of morning sunlight, he forgot the dream which had sent him downstairs an hour before his usual time. There was nothing for him to do that day; when his wife had gone to the conference, he'd taken two days off. He'd encouraged her to go away, in fact; it wasn't that he wouldn't miss her, but he felt the need for solitude, to catch up with his reading, to play the same record over a dozen times if he wished, and perhaps to do what he'd been wanting to do for years: to write a poem. He opened the glass door between what the estate agent had once called the lounge and the dining-room and went into what he and his wife called Space Three (*kitchen* was pretentious and *kitchenette* etymologically squalid). He ground the coffee-beans in the mill they'd brought back from France, sniffing the result with pleasure.

The *Daily Telegraph* flopped through the letter-box; he read it as he ate his breakfast – an orange, four slices of bread and honey, a William pear. As he ate he reflected that three years ago it would have been bacon and eggs, tea, and the *Manchester Guardian*. But he'd been put off the *Guardian* when it had bewailed the fate of those Irish horses so loudly and so long – that kind of campaign was best left to the *'Pic'* and the *People*. Besides, let's face it, he thought, the *Telegraph* has gradually acquired *cachet*; people suspect you of taking the *Guardian* or *The Times* for effect, but they know that you take the *Telegraph* because you like it, and if you like it you're obviously a superior person.

He took his coffee to an armchair by the fire and lit a Gauloise – souvenir, like his espadrilles, of his holiday in France. He thought of the house as it had been when he first saw it, crammed with furniture, china figurines, wall-plaques of wild geese and retrievers, some rather timid watercolours, framed photographs and, of course, there had been in the Lounge (now Space One) that motto beginning 'I pass this way but once. . .' That hadn't mattered so much; what had really depressed them had been the decoration – the pink of cheap sweets fighting with an arc-lamp blue and a red the shade of newly-dried blood, and the chocolate-brown paintwork and dead-white plaster. But the price had been right, and the situation, high above the valley with a view of the moors, just what they'd wanted.

And now, bit by bit with every promotion, they'd built up a civilised home. He settled himself more comfortably in his chair, lovingly stroking the pale, baby-smooth wood. The bright yellow and red covers were exactly right against the dark grey fitted carpet and light grey walls, and the red curtains picked up the red in the pattern. He'd been firm with his wife about having no pictures; the rooms were too small. But they'd made an exception for the big bullfight poster over the fireplace – very handy for sorting out one's guests. If they were distressed by it, you knew immediately that you'd have nothing in common: he'd never met an intellectual who disapproved of bull-fighting.

This house had been the main reason for his refusing the job in the London office. They'd been tempted, thinking of the theatres, the concert halls, the exhibitions, the meetings at which things really happened – above all, they were drawn by the old lure of the capital, the place where, if only you know the password, you can satisfy any wish in the world. Before they were married they'd planned to live in London, they'd scorned their home-town where no one ever talked about anything except wool or cricket or babies, where they pretended to be fond of music but never progressed beyond the *Messiah* – as if Handel had written nothing else, or as if there were no other composers!

With their marriage had come the trips to London (on expense-account, of course, so he could often afford to take his wife too). They had a lot of friends there – in fact, nearly all their friends seemed to have moved south. Knowing people in London made all the difference; you were immediately on the inside, no longer the gaping provincial, and you felt like a raider from the hills, returning home with a fine haul of scandal, all the news that *Confidential* daren't print.

So they had stayed because of the house, which they were just beginning to lick into shape; and at that time too they were heavily and happily committed to the Little Theatre and the Arts Group. But now, he reminded himself, *that* reason for staying no longer existed. There was no Arts Group now. It had split up into a Writers' Circle, a Gramophone Society, and a Painters' Group; their total membership was only half that of the old Arts Group, and in none of them was there the same spirit. The Writers' Circle discussed markets and rates of payment, the Gramophone Society was stuck in the groove of the old reliables – Mozart, Beethoven, Sibelius, Stravinsky. There was, of course, a Jazz Club in the city; but he was too old now to sit in smoky cellars amongst a crowd of adolescent girls trying to look like Jayne Mansfield or Audrey Hepburn, and youths in crew-neck sweaters all no doubt trying to look like someone else but only succeeding in looking like Tommy Steele in different sizes. But at the gramophone recitals twelve years ago, it was nothing extraordinary to follow Palestrina with the *Wolverine Blues* and why not? And the Painters' Group talked about techniques and materials, thought they were daring if they had a few Gauguin prints about the house – he'd swear that half the members considered Annigoni great, and only knew that Graham Sutherland existed because he'd done a portrait of Churchill. They'd never experience what he'd experienced on seeing those illustrations to Quarles which Sutherland had done for *Poetry London* – even in reproduction one could see that here was someone who handled colour and mass as if he really loved them, who didn't need to paint portraits because all his pictures were self-portraits. They used to discuss things like that in the old Arts Group, and they built up a first-rate library, too. He bought a lot of art books then; his wife used to say that he'd married her just to make up the gaps in his set of Penguin Modern Painters.

And for her *Autumn Journal* and *Calamiterror* – how long was it now since he'd read any poetry, much less written any? But in those days they'd packed the Little Theatre for poetry recitals, they'd argued passionately about Spender and Auden and Yeats and Thomas and Nicholas Moore and the New Apocalypse and the rest of them – where had all that interest evaporated to? It was just the same with novels; he seldom read fiction these days. What *had* he read lately? *Boswell in Search of a Wife, This Hallowed Ground, The Turn of the Tide, Left-Over Life to Kill, The Uses of Literacy* – and *that* was a puzzling thing. He'd had to buy *The Uses of Literacy* because there were thirty reservations on it at the library; who were they? He'd like to know them, they'd be his kind of people, but he'd never meet them, any more than he'd meet the people who bought every copy of the Penguin *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* the first day the bookshops stocked it.

Even ten years ago he'd have found them at the Little Theatre. The Little Theatre had discovered Tennessee Williams and Christopher Fry and Anouilh and Sartre. And Cocteau and René Clair and Jean Renoir, come to that. Factually, that wasn't true, but emotionally it was. For when the Little Theatre was founded, they'd asked themselves, before choosing a play or film: Is it new, is it exciting, will it at the very least shock people? They hadn't asked themselves whether it would make a profit; possibly *because* they hadn't, the full house was a commonplace. Now, almost without his noticing it, the programmes had become virtually indistinguishable from any ordinary amateur dramatic society's – Van Druten, Dodie Smith, the Christies all three, R. C. Sherriff, Noël Coward, Terence Rattigan. . . . When they wanted to be really daring, they put on a West End flop. It was safe to say they'd never produce Beckett or Genet. He'd seen the writing on the wall at that committee meeting when that prim little businessman had given what was virtually an extempore sermon on the evils of decadent French plays, and the others, instead of laughing him down, had listened with every sign of approval. It was then that he'd started to feel lonely. Not old, not out-dated, but isolated, a minority of one. From then on he'd see the decadent French plays and the crude American plays and the angry English plays in London and Paris and Edinburgh; the theatre would become the holiday chateau-bottled, not the everyday *vin ordinaire*.

For years, too, he'd ceased to take any real interest in architecture; it was, like the theatre, a holiday activity, its symbol the collection of views of Bath or Venice or Rome. Once his own city had had real character, when the

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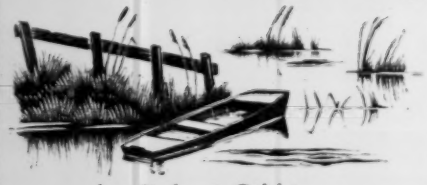

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trams swayed along the cobbled streets and all the buildings had been of local stone. Now every day there was another stretch of tarmac, another block of offices, always in hideously neuter, raw-coloured concrete, and he couldn't bear to look at it any longer. As far as he was concerned, the city only existed as a straight line between office and home.

He remembered talking once with a librarian who'd estimated from an examination of the day's issues that at least 10 per cent of the city's population were intellectuals, the people who, like him, read the *Telegraph* or the *Guardian*, the *Observer* or the *Sunday Times*, the NEW STATESMAN or the *Spectator*, the people who'd discovered Paddy Chayevsky, the people who spoke the same language as Amis or Osborne. That was the point – not whether you approved or disapproved of Jimmy Porter or Jim Dixon, but whether you understood their creators' language. If there were nothing printed but books in Sanskrit and James Hadley Chase, you'd have to read Chase. . .

The sun was shining brilliantly now, focusing the gilt of Aruzza's jacket on the poster; he went upstairs for his sweater and shoes. Looking at himself in the mirror he said aloud: 'Our uniform', and saluted his reflection – bright red Jaeger crew-neck sweater, brown check Viyella shirt, dark grey Terylene slacks, plain-fronted brown suede shoes. Yes, I'm in uniform all right, but where's the rest of the regiment? Ten per cent of a population of 200,000 is 20,000; where are the other 19,999, the friends with whom I should be arguing to some purpose, even, if that's not too naive, the comrades who should be helping me to rebuild this city? Then, as he went downstairs, the dream heaved itself into the front of his mind again.

He had been lost in a strange city on a winter's night. It was no later than nine o'clock but the city was deserted. The lights were off, there was no-one about, and there were no buses, trains, or taxis. It had definitely been the city centre where he found himself; he remembered the department stores, the cafés, the black scowling bulk of the Town Hall and the soiled white concrete of a big cinema. He'd been frightened because he was so utterly alone; he'd broken into a run, and street after street had unreeled before him, the tarmac black and glistening. There had been no light from the swan's-neck lamp-standards; it came, faint and phosphorescent, from the road, as if it were turning bad like fish. Finally he'd stopped, exhausted; he was lost and would never find his way home again, and there was nothing anywhere but stone and concrete and steel and hoardings advertising things he didn't want to buy.

Then the tiger had leapt at him from the soapflake hoarding and he'd run away again, screaming in terror. But that was irrelevant; what was important was that the dead city was his own; he looked down into the valley and recognised the roads along which he'd run. But did he care any more? Would he be there to-night at nine o'clock? He knew that he wouldn't; and he also knew, walking away from the city to the moors, that the next time the London job was offered, he wouldn't say No.

JOHN BRAINE

Fame and Suffering

Sigmund Freud. Vol. III: The Last Phase. By ERNEST JONES. *Hogarth Press.* 35s.

This, the final volume of Dr Jones's truly monumental biography of his master, covers the last twenty years of Freud's life from 1919 to 1939. It opens with an all too short period of comparative comfort, both physical and mental, as the life of Vienna and the international psychoanalytical movement reorganised themselves after the war. (Late in 1919 the economic situation seemed so hopeless that even the hyper-staunch Freud toyed with the idea of emigrating.) Then in 1923, his sixty-seventh year, came the first operations for cancer of the upper jaw, after which for the rest of his days Freud was never free from pain. The degree of his suffering was so appalling that one does not know which to marvel at most, the way he carried on with his life's work and refused drugs so that his mind might remain unclouded, or the way he preserved his sweetness of disposition and sense of humour.

This persistent fight against anguish and disability makes a most inspiring story. Freud, like other great rationalists, appears to have hated senility worse than death. And here, despite the cancer, nature seems to have come to his help and granted him his wish, for the outstanding feature of his latter phase was his mental vitality. The last twenty years of his life were marked by a shower of original ideas. In his writings they begin with *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*, in which he advanced his much debated hypothesis of a death instinct, and *Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego*. In it he outlined what he called the anatomy of the mental personality; it remains, *pace* the controversy over the date of the formation of the super-ego, one of the most fruitful conceptions in the entire field of psychoanalysis. *Moses and Monotheism*, written when he was 78 in his customary graceful individual style, displayed the same intellectual daring that had marked his determined exploration of the unconscious – starting with his own.

Freud's serenity expressed itself in his calm in face of the Nazi occupation of Austria in March, 1938. He was still refusing to leave the country even when the SA were virtually camped in his flat and it was only the danger to his family that finally persuaded him. When he was asked to sign, as one of the conditions of his exit visa, a document stating that he had been well treated by the German authorities, he asked if he might add a sentence: 'I can heartily recommend the Gestapo to anyone'. It is worth recalling that a vital part in his safe conduct to England was played by Sir Samuel Hoare (Lord Templewood), then Home Secretary, who cut through all red tape the moment Dr Jones approached him.

Inside the psychoanalytical movement the principal defection during the period was that of Otto Rank, himself a manic-depressive with characteristically striking variations in mood. He became obsessed with his theory of the paramount and all pervading importance of birth, and more especially birth trauma, for the entire psychological development of the individual. For a long time Freud – in sharp contrast, as Dr Jones points out, to his unwarranted reputation for doctrinal arrogance and dictatorship – went to great lengths of tolerance in trying to retain Rank's co-operation. In the case of the brilliant but always rather eccentrically inclined Ferenczi, there was never any overt breach and friendly contact was preserved until Ferenczi's death in 1933. (As poor Ferenczi's health broke down so his ideas became wilder and more fan-

tastic until he inverted the normal course of events and declared that analysis must be reciprocal and the patient must analyse the analyst. At the time of his death he declared he was being treated by one of them, an American lady, telepathically from across the Atlantic.)

Telepathy was one of the subjects – another was the death instinct – on which Dr Jones differed quite vigorously from his master as he is careful to tell us with the scrupulous psychoanalytical realism that is one of the great merits of his biography. Freud's attitude towards occultism, he suggests, was characteristic of his peculiar genius:

> . In it we find throughout an exquisite oscillation between scepticism and credulity so striking that it is possible to quote just as many pieces of evidence in support of his doubt concerning occult beliefs as of his adherence to them.

Dr Jones has succeeded wonderfully well in catching, by a nice blend of anecdote, quotation – especially from letters – and description, the vivid sympathetic personality of the later Freud, tender and intensely human, quite opposite, with his love of grandchildren, chows and antiques, from the crusty travesty of legend. This final volume is at least as rich in material, both personal and psychological (notably the chapter on metapsychology which includes a fascinating comparison of psychoanalysis and cybernetics), as its predecessors. It nobly completes a book that unquestionably ranks as one of the great biographies of our time. It is pleasing to reflect how all Freud's cautionary reticence and burning of records should have been in vain. One may imagine his benevolent shade saying something to the effect that after so much misrepresentation he had the right to a little posthumous truth; but a classic such as this exceeds all just expectations.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Cheshire Cat

The English Face. By DAVID PIPER. *Thames & Hudson.* 35s.

The face on the dust-cover, in a mighty close-up just containing eyes and mouth, is – whose, now? Even if we don't recognise it, we shall come on it again in a fuller context of hair and gold-leaf collar: the Duke of Wellington, after Lawrence. Either way, knowing or puzzled, the reader will have been haunted by a mingled sensitiveness and arrogance, a compression of the lips indicating both humour and pride. Is this, then, the English face? One of our ideals, I suppose; the fine eyes, quizzically overarched, are to be met not infrequently in faces less determinate – the publisher's or art connoisseur's; while that nose, firm-bridged and keenly tensed, may poke itself into other people's business in counsel's chambers. Where the face has gone out for ever, it would seem, is in high military circles.

Other great exemplars start from the wealth of interleaved illustrations to Mr Piper's text: Bluff King Hal, a fat fox, never amiable to the portrait-painter, and Charles the angelic spaniel (surely Mr Piper, who agrees with Northcote in finding him Christ-like, has missed the indolence?); Newton, Elizabeth, Cromwell, Pepys, Nelson, Hogarth, Wordsworth; but already the modern face, the features without embellishment, is here. The mid-Victorians, god-like, had a last fling with mane and creeper, and then it was all over: the Gothic dream of costume and mounting, the high face in the high place. Our VIP steps out of a plane; the cameras catch him, and the portrait-painter might as well pack up.

Roy Campbell

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14th October REINHARDT *Illustrated* 21s

This is a selection from our Autumn List, but you are invited to write to ***10 Earlham Street, W.C.2,*** *for our complete catalogue.*

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And where in this progress of looks and fashions is the *English* face? Perhaps on the next page. We read on and on, compare this illustration with that. The Duke of Wellington, for example, pictured by Goya, is another man, whom we may dislike and reject. Then Shakespeare is an improbable ninny, Jonson someone we know. Colley Cibber grins and quirks – like the voice of Jack Train in *Twenty Questions* – among the great icily removed from us, Pope, Swift, even Dr Johnson. Insensibly we have been led away from our quest into a history of English portrait-painting. Mr Piper admits at the end that it was an impossible quest, that there's no English face, though some faces may seem more so than others. One might plump for 'The Shrimp Girl' as most English of all, partly perhaps because she comes without attachments, in a spontaneous union of artist and life. Sargent seems to have known one such moment with his head of Vernon Lee: 'at best,' says Mr Piper, 'he was perhaps a sketcher, rather than any other kind of genius; a superb example is the head of Vernon Lee, toothsome and bright, jewelled with spectacles.' You see how enthusiastically and well he writes; very soon one doesn't mind at all that he has inveigled one into reading a history of portraiture for which, conceivably, one had no inclination. Here he is defining Thomas Lawrence:

> [His] characterisations tend in fact to have a double aim: to portray the public, superficial creature of fashion and society in poise and dress, and, primarily in the face, to indicate the more private sensibilities of the the heart, the parted lips, the dilated brilliant eyes, the sable curls in profusion on the forehead high and pale. In tonality indeed he often anticipates a Byronic beauty; his sitters mostly wear their own hair, and it seems generally to be dark against a pale skin – but they lack the physical vigour and conviction of a Corsair or a Don Juan. They may be at once stagey and curiously asexual.

Mr Piper is, by the way, Assistant Keeper of the National Portrait Gallery. His book will send us, among other things, in an enhanced mood to that odd and least frequented of collections; but its great merit is that it will catch readers into by-ways where they would never have imagined themselves straying.

G. W. STONIER

Varieties of Theatrical Experience

What is a Theatre? By ERIC BENTLEY. *Dobson.* 25*s.*

Theatrical Companion to Coward. By RAYMOND MANDER and JOE MITCHENSON. *Rockliff.* 63*s.*

Peter Ustinov. By GEOFFREY WILLANS. *Peter Owen.* 21*s.*

The Old Vic Drama 2. By AUDREY WILLIAMSON. *Rockliff.* 30*s.*

Actress. By YVONNE MITCHELL. *Routledge.* 15*s.*

Mr Eric Bentley is one of the few modern dramatic critics worth reprinting. He writes for the American *New Republic*, and is therefore in the happy position, rarer and rarer today, of being able to exercise his function properly. (The popular press no longer wants criticism; it requires its so-called critics to be reporters-cum-gossip-writers.) Then since he hasn't got to 'cover' everything or telephone his report within an hour of the curtain fall, his criticism can be adequately considered.

'Criticism,' Mr Bentley is right to point out, 'is discussion before it is either praise or condemnation.' And he is well qualified to set that discussion going. He is a critic in the Bernard Shaw tradition, that is to say he is a moralist, a social moralist ('the proper stuff of drama,' he writes in a suggestive aside, 'is not neurosis but immorality'). Drama for him should be, like poetry for Matthew Arnold, criticism of life. But since he is not a schematic moralist he demands only, in the long essay which gives the book its title, as the first requisite of the dramatist – audacity, 'Dionysian audacity with Apollonian control'. Innocuousness, the anodyne of the middle-brow, is death; audacity is life. Mr Bentley carries a good deal of audacity over into his own reviews. He is forthright but fair as even his victims may realise in the long run, however much they may be stung in the short. He is quick to put his fingers on the weakness of a play – *e.g.*, his review of Graham Greene's *The Living Room*; but equally quick to see its quality. It is most interesting to see English plays being filtered through this acute American intelligence; and to watch, too, the campaign he conducts against the contemporary realism which dominates the American theatre at the moment. His criticism of the results of method acting and method playwriting of the Paddy Chayevsky school is extremely acute and balanced.

In asking What is Theatre? Mr Bentley would not, in fact, irredeemably highbrow though he is, leave out its concomitant interests. Theatre, besides Dionysian audacity, is gallery-girls and fan-letters and stars and autographs and the avid collection of old programmes and faded photographs. Messrs Mander and Mitchenson have elevated this last, this fourth-form magpie instinct, into something altogether grander and have collected at their Sydenham home a positive library of theatrical data, photographic and documentary. From these they have assembled three vast Companions to the playwrights: photographs and programmes, notices and notes on each of the first productions and notable revivals of their subjects' plays. The first was devoted to Shaw, the second to Somerset Maugham and the present volume is for Noël Coward. (The declension is, I suppose, not their fault.) This immense volume is at the very least a tribute to Mr Coward's enormous industry. Mr Coward never claims for himself anything more than the entertainer's gift. No one will deny him that, and here in 500-odd large pages, lavishly, as they say, illustrated, is displayed its range and abundance. His status they are not strictly concerned with, but they do join the sycophants and imply it by addressing him as 'The Master'. Whether or not Mr Coward ever had it in him to become something more than a popular entertainer, I do not know (and by 'something more' I do not mean – to disassociate myself from the critics rapped over the knuckles by Mr Rattigan in his defensive preface – I do not mean writing plays like Mr Ustinov's, but not being satisfied to use his comic gifts exclusively on the second best). What I do know is that adulation is a great enemy of promise. And much pleasure though this Companion will give to less talented and more amateur fellow magpies, I wonder why its authors have been so premature in setting up Mr Coward's tombstone. He is still after all young enough (and by now old enough, too) to write two or three plays which may yet earn him the title they have bestowed on him in advance.

Mr Geoffrey Willans might also perhaps be thought a little premature in presenting us with a survey of our own contemporary theatrical prodigy, Mr Peter Ustinov. But call it an extended profile and it will pass, especially as it exalts as the best thing written yet about Mr Ustinov the profile published originally in the NEW STATESMAN. Gush was once inseparable from the theatrical biography; that fashion mercifully is changing. Mr Willans is not particularly analytical, but he is not a gusher; and I do not mean to be rude when I say that the best parts of the book are the long extracts from Mr Ustinov himself. His reports from Hollywood are wonderfully alert and amusing.

Official or semi-official histories no longer have to gush, either. Miss Audrey Williamson brings her history of the Old Vic up to date from where she left it in her first volume – the withdrawal of the Knights in 1947. It was a stormy period. The break-up of the Michel St Denis/Byam Shaw/Devine regime, the re-arrival of Guthrie, the resignation of Sir Donald Wolfit, and then Mr Michael Benthall's five-year plan. Miss Williamson cannot disentangle all the cross-currents of policy-mongering, but when it comes to the actual performances she gives us a detailed acute analysis alongside an effective re-creation of each by each. The Old Vic by its traditions and its standards deserves forthright appraisal: and Miss Williamson gives us that.

Finally I must commend Miss Yvonne Mitchell's modest, perhaps too modest, book. For the information of the aspiring actress, Miss Mitchell tries to tell what it is like being an actress in all its aspects. She draws exclusively on her personal experience and in this method there is always the danger of slipping over into mere reminiscence for its own pleasant sake. This is not entirely avoided, but this book will give the aspirant who can read between the lines a better 'feel' of the job as a job than any I know. Miss Mitchell writes simply and directly. She doesn't romanticise either for squalor

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The Need for Roots

Village on the Border. By RONALD FRANKENBERG. *Cohen & West.* 18s.

Mr Frankenberg set himself down in a Welsh border village which is feeling acutely the impact of the main movements towards industrial and cultural uniformity in Britain today. Some of the tensions in his 'Pentrediwaith' are much the same as those in any English or Welsh village at any time, and some arise from the historic divisions between Welsh and English; but the more crucial tensions are the result of forces which affect us all, whether we live in Ancoats or South Kensington or in 'Pentrediwaith'. His book is clearly written and full of detailed and concrete illustration (though it would have gained from a fuller use of quoted speech).

Mr Frankenberg's particular theme is the social life of the villagers, their political and recreational activities as a community rather than their family lives or individual personalities. In Bethnal Green or Hunslet the core of life is the three-tiered family; neighbourhood life, rich though it is, comes a long way second. In 'Pentrediwaith' the sense of belonging to a community has always been strong. The villagers will go to impressive lengths to retain village unity, or at least the appearance of unity, against the world outside. One fascinating thread running throughout the book concerns the use, or more often misuse, of the Outsider (the resident Englishman, the immigrant from another valley, the Roman Catholic) as a scapegoat for village disagreements. The detail here has a subtle, sly, scatty complexity which would have delighted Dylan Thomas. Meetings which begin with the secretary's minutes deliberately lost, a stranger hoisted into the exposed position of chairman and the members seated according to sex or sect are bound to have a special flavour.

The urge for village unity is stronger today, particularly among the women, precisely because it is so seriously discouraged. For the men, work in the village no longer exists; they go to 'Big-town' by bus. The brighter children go to the grammar-school some miles away and from there often to a wider world, returning only for brief nostalgic visits. The women, left behind in the village, might at first glance seem to be in much the same situation as wives on a housing estate. But they are not living in uniform new establishments on strange territory, and so being tempted to create two-tiered family worlds complete in themselves. They have in their bones the sense of a more organic community life in this, their own, countryside. Apparently the social relations between men and women have traditionally entailed more friction than those in urban working-class districts; the women have been more generally engaged with the immensely complex web of community relationships, and nightly involved the men when they returned from field or quarry. Now the men come in from a more varied and exciting environment; and the women resist by trying even more strongly to keep alive the village's sense of itself. 'The time may come,' Mr Frankenberg concludes, 'when the village ceases to be a village community and becomes merely a collection of dwellings, housing some of the industrial workers of Britain.'

'Pentrediwaith's' probable fate is only another instance of the way in which we are allowing old roots to be severed whilst we remain largely ignorant both of what is being destroyed and of what is the quality of life promoted by our newer modes of behaviour. There are no easy answers, for the present movements in society are confused, powerful and rapid. We should be grateful to Mr Frankenberg and his colleagues for their contributions to our understanding. But their studies prompt two disquieting observations: that because we have no similar examinations of middle-class or upper-class life we run the risk of assuming that the working-class and lower-middle-class are the only social groups seriously affected by the present situation; and that when we do try to concern ourselves with the wider problems of change today we spend too much time either in making over-simplified attacks on 'The Establishment' or in showing a well-bred pique at the rudeness of the Lucky Jims and Jimmy Porters. Meanwhile, this is the latest in the extending line of valuable field studies of British life by our younger social anthropologists. Mr Frankenberg and his immediate predecessors – the authors of *Coal is our Life*, *Gosforth* and *Family and Kinship in East London* – display a breadth of objective sympathy which gives them something in common with good novelists.

RICHARD HOGGART

Two more volumes have been published of the Civil History of the War: *Manpower*, by H. M. D. Parker, and *Labour in the Munitions Industries*, by P. Inman (HMSO and Longmans, 40s. and 35s. respectively). Vol. II of the War History of the Indian Army is on the *North African Campaign*, by P. C. Bharucha (Orient Longmans, 50s.).

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The Backward Look

The Golden Sovereign. By RICHARD CHURCH. *Heinemann.* 18s.

The Unfinished Man. By JAMES BYROM. *Chatto & Windus.* 16s.

Search Me. By PATRICK ANDERSON. *Chatto & Windus.* 15s.

Return to the Islands. By ARTHUR GRIMBLE. *Murray.* 18s.

The title of Mr Byrom's book might be taken as the clue to these four excellent and disparate autobiographies. The unfinished man, the personality not yet fixed and still in part a mystery to itself, is Mr Byrom's subject, as it is Mr Anderson's, who, confronting his own image in the looking glass, says 'Search me!' Mr Church and Sir Arthur Grimble on the other hand are, in no derogatory sense, finished men; their autobiographies are traditional in that the authors are looking back across the years at themselves when young, at a period of life now completed. For the reader, the difference between the two modes of autobiography is that of his own involvement in the narrative that he is reading. Mr Church and Sir Arthur tell a story, to which he listens, as he might to Gissing or to Kipling; but the 'I' of Mr Byrom's and Mr Anderson's books is much more akin to the central character in, say *Sons and Lovers* or *A Portrait of the Artist* than to the heroes of nineteenth-century fiction, and the reader willy-nilly is caught up in the author's mind as it experiences, feels and records.

The Golden Sovereign is the sequel to *Over the Bridge*. That small masterpiece caught perfectly the life of a certain class in a certain place at a certain time, and because of the events described it had a natural unity which gave it great concentration. *The Golden Sovereign* lacks that unity and is by so much the lesser book. With the death of the mother, the intense, passionately apprehended family drama is gone. But much still remains. Again, a class – or a subsection of a class – comes vividly and effortlessly to life, at its centre the young poet, unworldly yet ambitious, armed against a world largely alien to him by his sense of vocation. That world, the world of the Custom House and the Civil Service Laboratory, and its inhabitants, are brilliantly realised, and with it a whole larger world of lower middle-class culture. It is the index of Mr Church's achievement that when we seek comparisons it is to the early Wells and Lawrence and the best of Bennett that we must turn.

Mr Byrom's is a very different story, judged simply as a story. The author appears as a typical Thirties figure, the young man from the upper middle-class – he belonged to a family of professional soldiers – who became a conscientious objector. 'Don't you bloody conchies ever think of anything but your bloody consciences?' he was once asked by his commanding officer when serving as a non-combatant in the RAMC. One sympathises with Colonel Harding. Mr Byrom was at odds with any group he found himself in: he was largely put off by the pacifists in his unit because one of them gave him a pamphlet entitled *Why Aren't All Decent Chaps Christians?* For the most part he preferred soldiers to pacifists; and one of the merits of his book is the fidelity with which he reproduces the agony of divided loyalties and the rawness they inflict upon the spirit. His sensibilities, one feels, both towards war and in personal relations, had a skin too few, and he recounts his dilemmas of conscience, his self-doubts and the cruelties to others

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JOHN MURRAY

his search for integrity involved, with a painful honesty. Certainly his search led him along no easy path: he served as a volunteer in the AFS unit that went to Helsinki in the Russo-Finnish War and as a pacifist was in a bomb-disposal squad before joining the Paratroop Medical Service, in which he took part in the drops on Normandy and the Rhine. The descriptions of the landscape and seasons of Finland and Sweden are beautifully done; and the author's ambiguous attitude towards the battle actions he took part in enables him to render war with a personal poignancy.

If Mr Byrom's assessment of his experiences is a moral one, Mr Anderson's is æsthetic. *Search Me* is a most cunningly composed and carefully written book in which, according to the blurb, 'fact and fiction are blended'. In it we are at that frontier between the novel and autobiography which Proust and Denton Welch, to name great and small together, both inhabit. One has the sense, in Mr Anderson's book, of the author as his own guinea-pig, seeking out experiences in order to test himself against them. He is witty, slightly precious, a little frivolous, always honest, and constantly surprised by himself. His is a comic narrative written in a prose of beautifully elaborate texture. Some of it is very funny indeed, the pages, for instance, on his life in Montreal where he was hailed as 'the Dylan Thomas of Canada'. The book ends with a visit to a Canadian painter friend in Spain which involves him in a tragi-comic situation with the painter and his wife and exquisitely exposes the incomprehensibility and pathos of human relations. But before getting there, Mr Anderson has been a lecturer in a teachers' training college in the Black Country; not, one would assume, at all his cup of tea, and plainly he did not think so himself, yet it is described with an astonished faithfulness and generosity that are somehow touching, I can only think because he was touched himself.

Return to the Islands continues Sir Arthur Grimble's reminiscences of his life as Resident Commissioner in the Gilbert and Ellice Islands. It is a charming and affectionate account of native customs and native poetry and of the day-to-day work of administering a remote Colonial territory. Sir Arthur may have been lucky in his islanders, but they were certainly lucky in him, and so, for that matter, were the Colonial Office and ourselves.

WALTER ALLEN

Four in Asia

Dragon Wang's River. By SIGURD ELIASSEN. *Methuen.* 21*s.*

Treasure Seeker in China. By ORVAR KARLBECK. *Cresset.* 21*s.*

Hunza: Lost Kingdom of the Himalayas. By JOHN CLARK. *Hutchinson.* 21*s.*

Afghan Interlude. By OLIVER RUDSTON DE BAER. *Chatto & Windus.* 21*s.*

A Cambridge undergraduate, an American geologist, a Swedish antique-collector, a Norwegian engineer—their books don't have much in common, apart from Asia. If they all went to the same continent, their reasons for going could not be more different. The Norwegian went to dig a canal and build a dam, the Swede to buy jade and bronzes. The American had an Idea and wanted to prove it. Only the undergraduate, being an Englishman, was suitably aimless—for him 'expeditions were fashionable that year . . . and the obvious answer was Afghanistan.'

The Scandinavians have both written books about China drawn from their memories of the country in the early 1930s. Of the two, Sigurd Eliassen's *Dragon Wang's River* is decidedly the better book. He worked in a China shattered by civil war, never quite knowing who was leading the government of the day or where the next funds for his irrigation scheme were coming from, but never losing sight of the importance of his work for millions of hungry peasants. While villagers learned and practised new national anthems, he calmly went on digging his canal, a task fraught with labour troubles and subversion that would have daunted a man less conscious of its significance. Writing so many years later, he has an admirable perception for the detail of a particular incident or character, even of the smell of sweat and garlic, that is infinitely more telling than a dozen of the usual flaccid descriptive passages. It is a story of tremendous achievement, in a land stricken by famine and poverty and corruption. By way of appendix, Mr Eliassen tells how he went back to China a year after the engineering job was finished, and was captured by communists. His account of imprisonment in an empty well, and escape, is the best part of the book.

A glance through the chapter-headings of *Treasure Seeker in China*—'Horse-coping in Mongolia,' 'How I Fooled the Bandits'—reveals that it belongs to the classic recollections-from-retirement type of travel book. It is as if Mr Karlbeck had cornered you after dinner and treated you to an evening of pattering reminiscences about the various trips he made twenty-five years ago in search of antiques for Swedish museums. At the end of each anecdote he seems to prod your elbow—'which reminds me of the time when . . .'—and he's off again. 'In my experience,' he says, 'rickshaw coolies are a trustworthy lot. I could quote many instances of this, but will confine myself to a few.' It is a pity that his manner is so tiresome, for his book is full of interesting stories about the antiques he was looking for and the fakes that dealers tried to foist on to him. Strangely, Mr Karlbeck comes into his own not so much when he is picking through the curio-shops in the city bazaars as when he sets off on horseback over the Mongolian desert in search of bronze daggers; at last he succeeds in conveying something of the country he travelled through and the tent-dwelling Mongols and lonely missionaries he met.

The author of *Hunza: Lost Kingdom of the Himalayas*, who describes himself as a middle-aged geologist, a specialist in deserts and fossil-bones, is undoubtedly a man inspired by an almost fanatical desire to prove that simple, uneducated Asian people can be taught to improve their livelihood more effectively through small-scale village projects than by far-reaching, impersonal government grants. With funds collected privately in America and a cargo of carpentry tools, pills, vegetable seeds, butterfly nets and pencils, he arrived at the village capital of Hunza, a remote principality in the north of Pakistan and only a few miles from Russia and China. There he stayed for nearly two years, treating the sick ('no patient ever died or grew worse because of my treatment'), planting American vegetables, teaching the village boys carpentry, and occasionally going off on geological prospecting trips. If there is sometimes a touch of the over-keen scoutmaster about his ideas, it is only because he made such a sincere and courageous bid to help the people he lived with and to be accepted by them, despite their intractability and their suspicion that he was, alternately, an imperialist come to take over their country and a communist come to undermine Islam. He paints a shrewd and sympathetic portrait of the feudal Mir of Hunza, though I have a feeling that there was more behind the queer misunderstandings between Mr Clark and the Pakistani officials than he admits. It would be interesting to know whether now, seven years later, the people of Hunza remember him and whether any of his schemes survive.

Afghan Interlude is an account of a journey in a Land-Rover by four undergraduates from Cambridge to Badakshan and back in the summer vacation of 1955. From the outset they were determined to extract the last ounce of fun from the trip and they careered across the world in a cloud of gaiety and high spirits. Glibly dismissing Meshed, Herat, Bactria as not much more than milestones on their route, Oliver de Baer succeeds in drawing swift, vivid sketches of the people he met—sketches that are matched by some fine portrait photographs. After spending a few weeks on a wild but salubrious plain in the north-east of Afghanistan they climbed a mountain, most of the way on horseback, and then started breathlessly for home. Back in Persia they met a solitary Belgian on a bicycle, a waiter from Liège pedalling his way to India 'for a change,' and Mr de Baer confesses to an envy of such an unhurried, unplanned way of travelling. The elusive Mystery of the East which they had hoped to find had somehow escaped them—perhaps they would have found something more valuable if they had spent more time stopping to look around, rather than hopefully pushing on to the next place. When they arrived back again in Teheran, at least they had been away long enough to notice a subtle change about the place. There was a difference in the air. The season? The weather? Then suddenly it dawned. Pepsi-Cola had come to Persia.

NICHOLAS WOLLASTON

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A Selected List of Autumn and Winter Books

THE books listed below are a selection from those which have been announced for publication between now and the end of March, excluding reprints and children's books. For reasons of space, we have had to leave out some titles announced for this period, which had already appeared in our selected list last spring. Some prices are, of necessity, provisional.

Arts and Entertainment

DENNIS ARUNDELL: The Critic at the Opera. *Benn.* 42*s.*
MAX BEERBOHM: Max's Nineties. *Hart-Davis.* 30*s.*
NEVILLE CARDUS: Talking of Music. *Collins.* 16*s.*
PETER GARVIE (Ed.): Music and Western Man *Dent.* 25*s.*
RAM GOPAL: Rhythm in the Heavens. *Secker & Warburg.* 21*s.*
EUGENE IONESCO: Plays. *Calder.* 18*s.*
S. K. LANGER: Problems of Art. *Routledge.* 18*s.*
WILFRID MELLERS: Man and His Music: Vol I, The Sonata Principle; Vol II, Romanticism and the 20th Century. *Rockliff.* 27*s.* 6*d.* each.
CHARLES OAKLEY: The British Film. *Allen & Unwin.* 25*s.*
MARC PINCHERLE: Vivaldi. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*
JOHN ROTHENSTEIN (Intr.): The Moderns and their World. *Phoenix.* 30*s.*
HANS SEDLMAYR: Art in Crisis. *Hollis & Carter.* 35*s.*
MARSHALL STEARNS: Story of Jazz. *Sidgwick & Jackson.* 30*s.*
SINCLAIR TRAILL and GERALD LASCELLES (Ed.): Just Jazz. *Peter Davies.* 30*s.*
NINETTE DE VALOIS: Come Dance With Me. *Hamish Hamilton.* 25*s.*
BRUNO WALTER: (Tr. MARY AGNES HAMILTON). Gustav Mahler. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
BERYL DE ZOETE: Dance and Magic Drama in Ceylon. *Faber.* 36*s.*

Autobiography, Letters, Memoirs

HILAIRE BELLOC (Ed. ROBERT SPEAIGHT): Letters. *Hollis & Carter.* 30*s.*
ALEXANDRE BENOIS (Tr. MOURA BUDBERG): Memoirs. *Chatto & Windus.* 21*s.*
ELIZABETH BURGOYNE (Ed.): The Restless Traveller: Gertrude Bell. *Benn.* 42*s.*
PAUL GAUGUIN: Noa Noa. *Faber.* 42*s.*
GROCK: King of Clowns. *Methuen.* 21*s.*
IAIN HAMILTON: Scotland The Brave. *Michael Joseph.* 15*s.*
SIR IAN HAMILTON: The Commander. *Hollis & Carter.* 15*s.*
ROBERT BRUCE LOCKHART: Friends, Foes and Foreigners. *Putnam.* 21*s.*
MARVIN LOWENTHAL (Tr.): Diaries of Theodor Herzl. *Gollancz.* 42*s.*
MARY MCCARTHY: Memories of a Catholic Girlhood. *Heinemann.* 18*s.*
J. O'DONOGHUE: In a Quiet Land. *Batsford.* 15*s.*
DYLAN THOMAS: Letters to Vernon Watkins. *Dent* and *Faber.* 15*s.*
P. G. WODEHOUSE: Over Seventy. *Jenkins.* 16*s.*

Biography

ARTHUR A. ADRIAN: Georgina Hogarth and the Dickens Circle. *Oxford.* 30*s.*
RICHARD ALDINGTON: Balzac. *Elek.* 25*s.*
JOCELYN BAINES: Joseph Conrad. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 42*s.*
GEOFFREY FABER: Jowett. *Faber.* 30*s.*
JAMES and MARGERY FISHER: Shackleton. *Barrie.* 30*s.*
IAN GRIMBLE: The Harington Family. *Cape.* 28*s.*
PUTZI HANFSTAENGL: Hitler: The Missing Years. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 30*s.*
LIV NANSEN HOYER: Nansen. *Longmans.* 25*s.*
ROBERT JACKSON: 'The Chief': Lord Hewart. *Harrap.* 21*s.*
R. W. KETTON-CREMER: Norfolk Assembly. *Faber.* 28*s.*
JOHN LODWICK and D. H. YOUNG: Gulbenkian. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*
ERIKA MANN (Tr. RICHARD GRAVES): The Last Year. *Secker & Warburg.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
ANDRÉ MAUROIS (Tr. GERARD HOPKINS): Three Musketeers. *Cape.* 35*s.*
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Fiction

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SAMUEL BECKETT: Maloney Dies. *Calder.* Unpriced.
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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Dudintsev

*Not by Bread Alone**, Dudintsev's 'sensational' novel, has now been ably translated. It turns out to be the slow, literal display of a scandal in the designing of a machine for the mass-production of drainpipes, and is an attack on the 'invisible empire of bureaucracy'. It has been described as a landmark in Russian history, has stirred up public meetings and official counter-attacks. We might infer that just as the Russian novelists of the nineteenth century were said to have come out of Gogol's overcoat, the novelists of the late twentieth might hope to come out of Dudintsev's drains; but it is unwise to imagine that the young in Soviet Russia are now shocked by past persecutions like, say, those of Zoschenko, Yuri Olesha or Prince Mirsky. Alarmed, the Party has turned on the novelist. He is accused of pessimism, a charge now generally used against literature in an age dominated by science; from the literary critic's point of view, the charge might well be that optimism has dulled the edge and dramatic effect of his book. Dudintsev has written a rhetorical epilogue in defence of himself, which might mean anything. He is anxious not to give encouragement to counter-revolutionaries and enemies in the West – where, indeed, Russian self-criticism is wildly misinterpreted. In the novel itself, he utters many dangerous thoughts about the relation of the individual and the collective, but he appears to believe the foreign industrial spy stories and is complacent about the reformatory labour camps. The fact that a book as mildly critical as this one could create a storm indicates how far Soviet Russia has become isolated from the climate of the rest of the world by its own propaganda.

In her introduction, Dr Bone points to the revival of the traditional Russian humanity. This is correct. Dudintsev tolerates living people. He allows the human contradiction. He also says 'We Soviet people jealously guard the basic principle of our life, that uplift of the soul and that purity of new human relations, which spring up in us from our early years'. Anti-Stalinist the book may be; anti-communist it is not. Unless – from the official point of view – by omission. His hostile Soviet critics have objected that he is silent about the role of the Party. Scandals may occur; bureaucracy may be malicious and stupid; but the Party is the moral custodian and inevitably intervenes. Did Dudintsev forget this, as busy bishops forget God? Was he being tactful, myopic – or downright heretical? Under tyrannies it is difficult for an offender himself to know what he thinks or what his position is. It is possible that Dudintsev could not answer these questions.

The leading character in *Not by Bread Alone* is an ex-soldier and schoolmaster called Lopatkin. He has turned inventor. He has spent years struggling to invent a machine for the mass-production of pipes. He is cleverly drawn as a character: single-minded, cranky, tactless, scornful, suspicious, unworldly; self-centred, irrepressible. His machines have imperfections; he notes them and improves, he learns engineering as he goes along; he picks up his science where he can. Year after year, living in great poverty, he fights the rejection of his plans. He is a nagger and nuisance to all official organisations, who are prejudiced against him because he is an outsider and amateur. He is opposing powerful bureaucratic groups alone. To pacify him they at last go through the motions of accepting his ideas temporarily. His opponents are the Chief Scientific Adviser who has a rival machine of his own, and the local factory boss, Drozdov. He, too, is an interesting character. An amicable, power-loving, breezy and popular tough manager in his fifties, Drozdov is a time-server. He is comfortable in his job, has just divorced his wife because he was tired of her, and has married a young girl called Nadia who is a geography mistress. She admires his gift of authority and his air of experience. She also likes the mink coat he has bought her.

Doubts come into Nadia's mind when she perceives that her husband is simply playing with Lopatkin and allowing the Chief Scientific Adviser and his cabal of designers to steal Lopatkin's idea, which is still imperfect. The novelist evidently knows the methods of scientific and committee intrigue inside out. Lopatkin is swindled. But he is self-reliant. He starts on his work all over again; Drozdov's wife sells her mink coat in order to raise money to support Lopatkin. Eventually she leaves her husband and lives with Lopatkin. Drozdov is ageing. His tolerance goes; he lends himself to an intrigue which convicts the inventor of betraying industrial secrets. He is given a farcical trial, half of the evidence being suppressed or burned, and he gets eight years in a labour camp. After all, the officials say, he is mad; he has brought it all on himself by his reckless habit of insulting and accusing people – which is true enough.

There one might expect the novel to end. Fatal, one would say, to the moral effectiveness of the tale, for Quixote to succeed. But, of course, Lopatkin is hard, realistic and determined; it is the bureaucrats who are consumed by such diseases as 'the personality cult', careerism, obscurantism, inefficiency, and the occupational flatulence of administrators. A friend rescues part of Lopatkin's plan, the machine is built, put into production in a small, out-of-the-way place; the scientific adviser's machine goes wrong and loses millions of roubles to the State; Lopatkin is allowed out of the reformatory camp after 18 months; the faking of his trial is revealed. He ends in triumph and is welcomed back – by his persecutors! This is the strangest part of the novel. They behave in a very American way: 'no hard thoughts'. They just 'feel bad'. They point out he has now, by his success, become one of them and will find himself behaving inevitably in the same self-protective, lazy, malicious manner to the next newcomer. But Lopatkin has hardened. Now in his late thirties, he has the taste for fighting against odds. He is going on – with what? One of his friends says: 'The time will come when you will go into politics.' An endless road is before him. That is the point: it is a road, not the closed jigsaw of a power system. As Dr Bone says, Dudintsev revives not only the asceticism of the early communists, but revives something like the idealistic tradition of the Russian novelists of the nineteenth century. Yes, but without their romantic nostalgia for a remote future and without their passion. As a genius Lopatkin is a conventional nuisance. All societies oppose genius; Drozdov is not the only sinner. But if the struggle of the individual against the bureaucrats is a universal subject, the issue is specifically modern; how to preserve talent and individuality in the Chinese boxes of modern organisation; how to prevent administrations from becoming infatuated with themselves.

As a novel, *Not by Bread Alone* is repetitive, and slow in movement. We go through the whole intrigue drawing by drawing, machine by machine, committee by committee. We hardly move out of the stale air of managerial offices and government corridors. The characters have that physical reality which rarely fails the Russians, either because of their easy sense of the grotesque or their feeling for the mingling of poetic sentiment and the comic:

> Shutikov was left in his office, completely limp, the yellow gold of his spectacles and teeth gleaming as if he were immersed in a bright dream. No one would have imagined that he was suffering deeply at that moment.

Lopatkin's character is comic because it is obsessive, stern and rash. He is sardonically aware of the comedy of which he is made the centre. His love story is truthfully and delicately managed; it also throws light on the 'new personal relations'. Three women are in love with Lopatkin. One, a pretty little thing who likes officers, has not the patience to wait for him to succeed with his invention; Lopatkin feels guilty because he has made her waste her time. Then there is the devoted, ugly English mistress. She is willing to slave for Lopatkin. He accepts her devotion, but both have to avoid the subject by thinking that 'the State needs this machine'. Finally there is Nadia, Drozdov's young wife. She is in love with this persecuted genius. It is against her principles to share a room with her husband once she has realised he is small and corrupt. Each of these women is truthful and acts simply, on her own truth. Jealousy is non-existent. When Nadia is fully in love she does not pretend to herself that Lopatkin will ever love her as much as he loves his machine.

All this may reflect the new truthfulness in the relations of the sexes; but is it not really a revived form of the sense of Fate in love, which is so pronounced in the Russian novel of the nineteenth century? When the investigator, before Lopatkin's trial, asks him if he is in love with Nadia, Lopatkin takes the question very thoughtfully. He says he does not quite know: it is difficult to say, and so on. For Lopatkin honesty is everything; it is possible because he is emotionally passive. He, like all the characters

* *Not by Bread Alone*. By VLADIMIR DUDINTSEV. Translated with an Introduction by DR EDITH BONE. *Hutchinson*. 18s.

who have Dudintsev's sympathy, think it natural for life not to be in their own hands. There are worry, sentiment, acceptance of Fate in love; bosom-beating, guilt and passion are out. The sexual act neither makes nor breaks love; its pleasure depends on good-humour rather than passion. Its moral importance cannot be assumed in advance. The women behave conventionally. Nadia succeeds with Lopatkin in the end, but prosaically accepts, without complaint, that his struggles have knocked something out of his life for good. Their affair is a sentimental idyll of the library, the drawing-office, the hours grudged from work. And truth has its own comedies. Where Nadia and Lopatkin are together they are nearly always shown thinking about different things and drawing different conclusions. When Nadia plays Chopin she is yearning for him; Lopatkin understands this, but drifts on to thinking how proud his mother would have been of him if she had lived! After all, no egotism, no arrogance – no Lopatkin.

Lopatkin has been attacked by Russian critics, I imagine, because he is not a robot hero. He cannot be put on a poster. He is not a vacuum posing as a strong man. He is an individualist. He has the 'weakness' of the dedicated; not the 'strength' of the man with a career. He is a relief after the too recent Russian heroes; and he puts up with rather than likes the large buildings, long corridors, long rides in lifts and long hours of technological boredom and organised coma in which we all pass some portion of our lives.

V. S. PRITCHETT

PHILOSOPHY

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Composition

He never could decide what to write
About, knowing only that his pen
Must not rust in the stale tears of men
Too long dead, nor yet take to flight
Before measuring the thought's height
Above the earth, whose green thoroughfares,
Though hedged thickly with the heart's cares,
Still let in the sun's natural light.

He tried truth, but the pen's scalpel tip
Was too sharp; thinly the blood ran
From unseen wounds, but too red to dip
Again in, so, back where he began,
He tried love; slowly the blood congealed
Like dark flowers saddening a field.

R. S. THOMAS

Good to Steal From

Index to the Story of my Days. By EDWARD GORDON CRAIG. *Hulton Press.* 35*s.*

The title-page adds '1872 G.C. 1907', the 'G.C.' monogram being combined with a modest daisy between the dates, as if to suggest that in the latter year at least part of the author died or else that there is another volume to come, and, indeed, the flap of the jacket calls this a 'first instalment'. But the date 1907 also indicates the dead actor in him or, rather, the childhood of that more important part of him that was not actor. For Gordon Craig, C.H., is still alive and still kicking, and he kicks admirably hard through most of this book, which comes happily up to date here and there.

It is founded on old notebooks and diaries, the entries in which lead him off on branch lines of thought, to memories of young Martin Shaw and the Purcell Operatic Society in 1900, or, by way of a remote junction, to Christian Bérard in the Boulevard St Germain in 1942. This can be a footling form but here it is not, for he writes with such affection and his indications of character are made with the skill of an intelligent, if long inactive, actor. He was an actor for eight years, with Henry Irving's company, and a successful one in spite of the *Globe* critic ('by the way I don't swear it was not the *Echo*') who said: 'Mr Gordon Craig was at his best in the small part of Lorenzo. It is a pity his best is so bad.' As an actor he thought about the stage first, always; and it is a habit he has never altered or been ashamed of.

Acting was a large and important feature of the life of this adoring son of Ellen Terry, this worshipping pupil of Irving. But he also, and rightly, admired his father, Edward William Godwin, architect (he designed Northampton Town Hall when he was twenty-eight), stage-designer and producer, friend of Whistler and Gothic-Revivalist Burges. He has never since resisted or needed to resist these parental influences. He was never much fussed or bullied, and so has not had to waste time reacting, and has had more time than most people to plan; and in spite of passions against things and states of things, persons and gangs, and never-ending frustrations, his book is full of kindness and has no rancour at all.

He was born in 1872 and his acting career finished in 1899. The activities of the rest of his life have made him by degrees unpopular, forgotten, legendary, and finally somewhat remotely honoured, like a lost hero of a century or so ago. He looks at first glance like a vain man; in fact he has been consistently modest about his art. He was always influenced by Blake, who has often kept him straight in times of danger, and he mentions with honour Piero della Francesca, Mantegna, Canaletto (oddly) and Turner (naturally). Also Courbet, Picasso and Matisse. But he learned most, at the time it mattered most, from his friends William Nicholson and James Pryde, and from those Hampton Court GREAT BEDS.

> That lofty bed, that stately ditto, that damask, silver, pale blue and crystal . . . . Damn the maze, damn the ginger-beer and the postcards, for the beds were the very first vision which led to an idea later on. The impossible, grand, motionless beds – unslept in, but sleeping standing.

Those beds have remained, in a way, very important. What they led to was a new sense of scale and grandeur, an un-Victorian, un-Medieval magic:

> My idea later on was to remake the stage – to bring back its *apparent impossibility*. The drama was grand and perfect; great actors would come and go; but the stage itself was not fit to receive either – not like those beds. My idea was to make it fit to receive great actors and great acting.

Which is not vanity but sense. Then he has always been called unpractical, but as producer-designer as early as 1900 he was achieving revolutionary designs, working only with unpaid helpers – designs that Yeats and others of good judgment never forgot.

He was more encouraged abroad than at home. He worked for Count Kessler, for Duse, for Yeats and Lady Gregory at the Abbey. But by 1900 he had realised that it was not only this or that thing that was wrong with the 'commercial theatre', but everything; that what it needed was not only a spring-clean but a revolution, and that he would have to devote his life to trying to cause one. *Because* 'all the fine arts and artists . . . my creed taught me, were but the handmaids of the theatre and its supreme art – which is unfortunately a lie . . . and a very dangerous lie, too'. This was the trouble, and it has remained. No manager was going to employ the impossible Craig, with ideas like these, when a yes-man would wash up on the next tide. Then again, he wanted to place actors against simple backgrounds, in fine colours that were related to those backgrounds – which is what every actor ought to want. But what the actor really wants (still wants) is to slip back into the cosiness of brown trees with scene-painty leaves and tatty, 'correct', interior mouldings, even if now and again he likes to look dashingly modern against impossibly large leaves, angular mouldings and colours of liver and bile. So he found in practice that none was worth his strife. He had no interest in working for the public satisfied with what it gets, or for money, or for women, or for anything in the world except plain love of the theatre – which resisted his love. And they have both kept it up. So his revolution is still needed, even if he has made a dent here and there in the flabby fabric, even if his kind of magic causes a nag of guilt to intelligent theatre men.

His life has been enjoyable, and has had a spill-over of good for all of us. Thousands of people have found him 'good to steal from'. (He says the expression was Granville Barker's, but Barker stole it from Blake, talking of Fuseli.) We have all stolen from him of late, in bits, and often for the commercial ends he despised and flouted. He can be proud of his fire being still warm for some young producers and designers in his native country. And now we are more in his debt for a very good book.

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WINGATE

A Version of Verlaine

The Sky Above The Roof. Fifty-six Poems by Verlaine. Translated by BRIAN HILL. *Hart-Davis.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

'Drunkard, sodomite and poet, at your service!' In these terms – or so runs the story – Verlaine introduced himself to an Oxford reception committee. And the fact is that he has always had a special appeal for the English. Like Villon and Baudelaire, those other two bad boys, he seems to be immediately accessible. He is the perfect example of the toad with a jewel in its forehead. He can be thought of with comforting pity, because he was an ugly, bald little man whose private life was entirely disastrous; and his genius does not intimidate, being of a non-intellectual, almost childlike, spontaneity. Anyone with a smattering of French can see that *Les sanglots longs* is poetry, whereas appreciating Racine is a different matter.

To define his quality, one might say, paraphrasing Baudelaire, *dans l'ivrogne sodomisé, un ange se réveille*; or if not an angel, a pure-voiced choir-boy, who has just realised the implications of life. Under the influence of absinthe and syphilis, the choir-boy eventually became rather maudlin, and Mr Hill, in making his selection, has understandably excluded the long-winded confessional verse of the later years. The fifty-six poems he has chosen to translate give a fair idea of the range of Verlaine's poetry, from the great, 'simple' pieces, such as *Donc, ce sera par un clair jour d'été* (this wife-deserter wrote the best conjugal poems in the language) and the more complex, competent verse of *Nocturne parisien*, to the mincing facility of *Dame souris trotte* and the naughtiness of *Je ne t'aime pas en toilette*. The best Verlaine, everyone agrees, is the great, simple one. After that, I prefer the mischievous poet. The latter-day nursery-rhymer is, like Walter De la Mare, very good in snatches, and the more ambitious, serious poet is reminiscent of Baudelaire, only much weaker. Mr Hill has left out two of the very famous poems, *Art Poétique* and *Je fais souvent ce rêve*, and has included others of debatable value, but of course he has a right to his choice.

His translations are, I should say, about as good as they can be. I can detect hardly any misunderstandings of the sense. Twice he misreads *que* as *qui* and so turns the meaning upside-down. Sometimes, it is not clear whether he has misunderstood or whether he is deliberately altering:

Ta gorge, mon plus cher délice,
Tes épaules et la malice
De tes mollets ensorceleurs.

Your throat – my chief delight lies there!
Your shoulders, and the roguish pair
Of soft enchantments found below.

Où diable les mollets vont-ils se nichonner? might have been Verlaine's reaction to this, but no doubt it is a case of intentional heightening. As usual, however, the necessities of verse translation tend to iron out the great lines. What is genius in the original may be replaced by ingeniousness in the English version:

Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, la vie est là,
Simple et tranquille.
Cette paisible rumeur-là
Vient de la ville.

My God, my God, *life's* there,
Unvexed, complete;
That placid murmur there
Comes from the street.

It would be easy to show that the tremulousness of *Mon Dieu, mon Dieu* is betrayed by the strident note of *My God, my God*. The italicising of *life's* breaks the pellucid atmosphere. *Simple et tranquille* is simpler and more tranquil than *Unvexed, complete*. *Placid* has a more superficial resonance than *paisible*. *Street* is not such a good symbol of universal life as *ville*. All these points would, no doubt, be made by Mr Hill himself, if he discussed his version, since he says that Verlaine's simplicity is the despair of the translator. Any of us can criticise but can we produce a better translation? Mr Hill, who is a poet in his own right, is remarkably successful in the previous verse:

La cloche dans le ciel qu'on voit
Doucement tinte,
Un oiseau sur l'arbre qu'on voit
Chante sa plainte.

The sky-hung bell I watch
Sounds its sweet note;
The branch-swung bird I watch
Sings from sad throat.

J. G. WEIGHTMAN

Oily Boy

Mr Five Per Cent. By RALPH HEWINS. *Hutchinson.* 21*s.*

Calouste Gulbenkian, the Armenian prodigy, was born of Turkish nationality in 1869 at Scutari, opposite Constantinople, and died in 1955 at Lisbon of supposed Persian nationality (although he had never been to Persia in his life). In the interval he accumulated a vast fortune by devoting his acquisitive mind entirely to the profitable extraction of petroleum from its secret lairs deep down in the earth (although he only once saw an actual oil-well in operation). It was not, however, by any profound knowledge of geology that he made his money, but by his masterly manipulation of those human beings who possessed equally acquisitive minds bent on the same quest. Nationality made no difference to him, nor professional experience. Turks, Armenians, Jews, Germans, French, Scots, Dutch or Americans, diplomats, politicians, bureaucrats, bankers or plain businessmen, all alike capitulated to the smooth Gulbenkian treatment. He could circumvent the lot with the Oriental patience and personal ingenuity at his disposal. His one stroke of luck came when the oil providentially happened to exist underground where he wanted it.

In writing a slap-dash biography of this brilliant financial adventurer Mr Hewins has drawn largely on the unpublished Memoirs of his own career which Gulbenkian left for posterity and on personal reminiscences from the surviving Gulbenkian relatives. But in his desire to turn such valuable first-hand material into a dramatic and sensational narrative the author over-reaches himself. He dances from one jerky paragraph to another like a cat on hot bricks; he allows himself to be obsessed by the late Suez crisis and the belief that it will somehow arouse topical interest in his rich, oily hero; the juiciest parts of his story have already been serialised in a Sunday newspaper, thereby robbing his book of its virginity; and his style of writing inspires no confidence. 'Mr Five per cent was born with liquid gold in his veins', for instance, conveys the prosaic fact that his father made a fortune out of a kerosene contract with the Turkish Government; and absurd remarks like 'It was the foresight, energy and genius of Gulbenkian and his kind which made Britain the greatest power on earth' continually affront one's intelligence.

'The hand you dare not bite, kiss' runs the old Arab proverb; and that was Gulbenkian's method of business. Since he was never in a strong position to bite, being a mere lone wolf among the formidable tigers of the oil jungle, he developed a talent for kissing, beginning with Sultan Abdul Hamid, and a fellow Armenian, Mantachoff, and moving on to Sir Henri Deterding, the Rothschilds, Sir Ernest Cassell, Sir Marcus Samuel, the Germans, the French and finally the Americans, with the happy result that he ended with a 5 per cent. share in Iraq Petroleum Co. When oil was actually found in 1927, it was like an Arabian Nights dream of thirty years duration come true. Full details of his fabulous skill in negotiation can be found in this book and may well astound the unbusiness-like reader. And what did he do with his money? Bought pictures and valuable objects, enjoyed women – and bit a few hands for a change. After all one millionaire is very like another in spending habits.

Gulbenkian's end should be instructive to the mercenary-minded. His grandfather had lived to 106, he had intended to do the same, but he died

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to his disappointment twenty years short of his target, although even an astute Armenian would have been puzzled how to benefit from the last stretch. His wife was dead; he was estranged from his children; he was living in two rooms in a Portuguese hotel; his pictures were in New York; his other art treasures lay in Paris; he had lost all the hair on top of his head, and his interest in women. He had bitten so many hands to make up for lost time that there was only one man in the world he could trust. He had never loved any one or any thing in the world more than money, and he had five million pounds a year pouring in for strangers to inherit. It was high time for him to be gone.

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Report

A brief report; but I must just point out that J. E. Hinder's Ideal Englishman ('14th Earl . . . gentleman ranker, shot fanatical tribesman, VC posthumous') had a sadly old-fashioned air; and that the English today, though retaining all their fondness for a lord (two-thirds of the heroes were in Debrett, by birth, marriage or money) now admire him for the softer victories of the pools and TV quiz. The martial qualities are reserved for the Scot—whether, like R. A. Robertson's, he is a 'bayonet-charge VC and Open Golf Champion' or, like Arabella Snonk's, 'threw haggis at bishop at 80'.

Prizes to those printed, at the rate of half a guinea an asterisk. Commended: Michael Cahill's Italian (in Italian), Gordon Page's Russian, Bootlegger's Englishman ('went hunting at five . . . . died in saving a dog from drowning') and S. Holmes's, rendered entirely in titles, from MBE in his twenties to a KG at 90; Edgar Lewis for his real-life document, Allan M. Laing, Angela Kent, Jolyon Lea, H. Hardman, Eileen M. Haggitt, Barbara Smoker.

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City Lights

Anxious Doldrums

Two weeks have diluted the atmosphere of crisis: the City has dropped back into its habit of resigned, uneasy anticipation. Stock markets keep moving from custom and necessity but without any clear idea of where they are going. Gilt-edged issues wander aimlessly around the skirts of sterling and are unlikely to strike out on their own until the effects of September's huge gold loss are done with and until the government has dealt with its approaching conversion operation. Equities are more active but no more decided than they were last week, occasional fits of selling serving only to please the bears and attract the bargain hunters. The immediate uncertainty here is the technical position—how much selling will take place next week to settle accounts for a period in which prices fell by over 6 per cent. But the market can hardly make up its mind which way to move until it feels more certain about the government's intention to be tough—and to stay in office. Wall Street, its reserve weathercock, is still swinging fitfully. Prices there have been playing for a fortnight within shuddering distance of their low point for the year. If they go through it, there may be a further sharp fall.

* * *

President Eisenhower's new Secretary of the Treasury went out of his way last week to argue the dollar gap into limbo. Inflation, he declared, not a shortage of reserves, was the threat to world prosperity. The United States intended to stick to its present price for gold and would obstinately oppose any increase in the resources of the International Monetary Fund. The flow of US gold and dollars to the rest of the world had been resumed in the second quarter of 1957: the dollar gap no longer existed.

It is now plain that this last claim was a little disingenuous. There was a small outflow in the second quarter. But the US Department of Commerce, which prepares these figures, emphasises the need to make allowance for seasonal factors. If these are allowed for, the gap is seen to have fallen in the second quarter, but it remained a gap of over $100m. On top of this, as the Department points out, allowance has to be made for heavy US payments to Venezuela for oil exploration rights in the months following the Suez crisis. The dollar gap amounted to $600m. in the first quarter of this year, $400m. in the second.

The figures are probably still influenced by the lingering results of the Suez expedition, and US cotton exports were exceptionally heavy in this period. The gap may close later in the year, but there seems little chance of getting back to the old state of affairs while the US trade surplus continues to rise so much more rapidly than new US investment abroad. Creditor nations have their duties, but some are large enough to make a virtue of ignoring them.

* * *

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TAURUS

OCTOBER 24

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The Chess Board

No. 412. The Great Panjandrum

No offence meant nor any disrespect either. Far from it, for surely there can be no chessplayer of this (or the previous) generation who would not gratefully admit his debt to the great Aron Nimzowitsch: him who immortalised one half of his name in the Nimzo-Indian and the whole of it by his great contribution to modern chess ideas and their very terminology. With all his personal foibles and mannerisms he was a lovable man, and but for his untimely death more than 22 years ago we could have celebrated his 70th birthday one of these days. There is some doubt about it, though, for with all his apodictic precision about his every notion of chess Nimzo used to be somewhat hazy about his own past and antecedents (and even the spelling of his name), and as for the year of his birth, indications vary between 1886 and 1887. However, any pretext for remembering him is good enough, so here's a little known game he won as a Riga school-boy in 1899.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) P-KB4, P x P; (3) Kt-KB3, P-KKt4; (4) B-B4, P-Kt5; (5) O-O, P x Kt; (6) Q x P, Q-B3; (7) P-Q3, B-Kt2? (P-Q4!); (8) Kt-B3, Kt-B3; (9) QB x P, Kt-Q5; (10) Q-B2, P-Q3; (11) Kt-Q5, Q-Q1; (12) P-K5! P-B3; (13) B-KKt5!, Q-Q2; (14) Kt-B7 ch! Q x Kt; (15) B x P ch, K-Q2; (16) Q-B5 ch! Kt x Q; (17) P-K6 mate.

Here now, played less than a year before his death, is Nimzo's pretty win against Stolz at Stockholm, 1934.

(1) P-QB4, P-K3; (2) Kt-QB3, P-Q4; (3) P-Q4, P-QB4 (4) BP x P, KP x P; (5) Kt-B3, Kt-QB3; (6) P-KKt3, P-B5 (The "Folkestone variation" which, at that time, was the *dernier cri*); (7) B-Kt2, B-QKt5; (8) O-O, KKt-K2; (9) P-K4! P x P; (10) Kt x P, B-KB4; (11) Kt-K5!, Q x P; (12) Q x Q, Kt x Q; (13) P-QR3! B x Kt; (14) B x B, B-B4; (15) B x KtP, QR-Kt1; (16) B-QR6, Kt-K7 ch; (17) K-Kt2, B-Q5; (18) Kt x BP! Kt x B; (19) Kt x R, Kt-Kt6; (20) QR-Q1, P-Kt3; (21) Kt-B7! (return visit!), K x Kt; (22) B x P ch, K-B1; (23) B x Kt, B x KtP; (24) R-Q3, B x P; (25) R-B3 ch, K-Kt2; (26) R-QR1, B-B4; (27) R-B7 ch, K-R3; (28) R-R5! B-Kt3; (29) R-R4, Kt-B4; (30) B-K6, Kt-Q5; (31) B-Q7; and while Black very sensibly resigned here we might as well continue the mating attack as envisaged by Nimzo: . . . R-Kt2; (32) P-Kt4, Kt-Kt6; (33) P-Kt5 ch! K x P; (34) R-Kt4 ch, K-R3; (35) R-R4 ch, K-Kt4; (36) P-B4 ch, etc.

This is Nimzo's famous brilliancy prize game against Marshall at New York, 1927.

(1) P-QB4, Kt-KB3; (2) P-Q4, P-K3; (3) Kt-KB3, P-QB4; (4) P-Q5 P-Q3; (5) Kt-QB3, P x P; (6) P x P, P-KKt3; (7) Kt-Q2 [aiming at and later returning to QB4], QKt-Q2; (8) Kt-B4, Kt-Kt3; (9) P-K4, B-Kt2; (10) Kt-K3, O-O; (11) B-Q3, Kt-R4; (12) O-O, B-K4; (13) P-QR4, Kt-KB5; (14) P-R5, Kt-Q2; (15) Kt-B4, Kt x B; (16) Q x Kt, P-KB4; (17) P x P, R x P; (18) P-KB4, B-Q5 ch; (19) B-K3, B x Kt; (20) Q x B, Kt-B3; (21) Q-QKt3, R x QP [. . . Kt x P would have been countered by (22) QR-K1! forestalling . . . B-K3]; (22) P-B5! P x P; (23) B-Kt5! R-Q5; (24) Kt-Kt6 ch, P-B5; (25) Q-QB3, P x Kt; (26) Q x R, K-Kt2; (27) QR-K1! P x P;

and here I might as well save my **A** diagram of the 4-pointer for beginners. How then, by some drastic action, did Nimzo force resignation in three moves?

A famous classic and easy no less than pretty, **B** should be quite a bargain for 6 ladder-points. It's a win for White, same as **C** which is no bargain for 7 points. Usual prizes. Entries by 14 October.

B: Henri Rinck

C: H. Weenink 1922

REPORT on No. 408. Set 7 September.

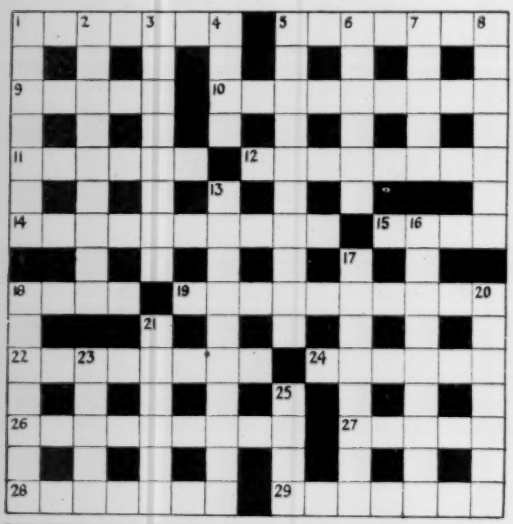
A: (1) R-K6, BxR; (2) QxKP ch, K-Kt10; (3) BxB ch, R-B2; (4) Q-B6 etc.
B: (1) K-B6, P-Kt5; (2) K-Kt6, K-Kt1!; (3) P-R7 ch, K-R1; (4) K-Kt5, P-Kt6; (5) K-Kt6!, P-Kt7; (6) K-R6 etc.
C: (1) P-Q7, K-K2; (2) R-Q6, K-Q1; (3) P-R6, R-R6; (4) K-B2! (B1?), R-KB6 ch; (5) K-K2 (K1?), R-QR6; (6) K-K1!, R-K6 ch; (7) K-Q2, R-QR6; (8) K-K2!, R-R7 ch; (9) K-B1, R-R8 ch; (10) K-B2!, R-QR6; (11) K-Kt2, R-R7 ch; (12) K-Kt3, R-R5; (13) K-R4, R-QKt (QB) 5; (14) P-R7, R-QR5; (15) R-KR6! KxP; (16) R-R8 etc.

Quite a few correct solutions. Prizes: E. Allan, C. Allen, R. C. Chaturvedi, J. P. Ford, J. Mitchell.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 271

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 271, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 15 Oct.



ACROSS

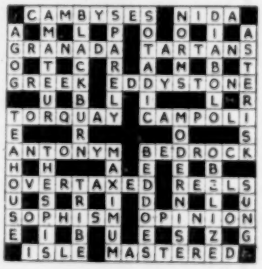
1. Jimmy going in the direction of the editors? (7).
5. Place where there is some inducement to labour (7).
9. Girl who has a party before the gentleman returns (5).
10. Beating with all the work coming in the victory to start with (9).
11. Orchestra in success for an author (6).
12. Hand the job over to the English member in time (8).
14. Flowers for Daniel destroyed amid the fellows (10).
15. To be in at or to help (4).
18. Service for the many (4).
19. 'Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and ——' (*King Henry VIII*) (10).
22. The Dickens character to pass lightly over a foreigner (8).
24. The cat has a short time with the employer (6).
26. Things to wear of which there is a possible lack in scene shifting (9).
27. One or two poems by Horace (5).
28. Flowers which need a little sunshine back in front of the lines (7).
29. Foxey's maxim was 'Always —— everybody.' (7).

DOWN

1. Finish with love and marry the rich (7).
2. Military machines put roads out of shape (9).
3. Returns concerning equipment (8).
4. Worked by a woman in all directions (4).
5. Thornton's deserts? (10).
6. Edward from S. America caused a disturbance (6).
7. Bandage for a star (5).
8. It provides colour for gangsters in a hole (7).
13. Conditional rising does away with the old sources of heat (9).
16. Substance in which the edges match (9).
17. Gentlemen of whom one is in hospital (8).
18. Craft of a woman embracing her child (7).
20. Apparel for a man about to prepare for battle (7).
21. God gives a vote on love (6).
23. It is in an animal to suffer (5).
25. Demands nearly all of the jobs (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 269



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 269

P. Holtby (Bude), Mrs John Walker (Edinburgh, 11), F. C. Jennings (Irby)

PERSONAL

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